PANCHTARNI ANNUAL NUMBER

VOL. I, 1997-98

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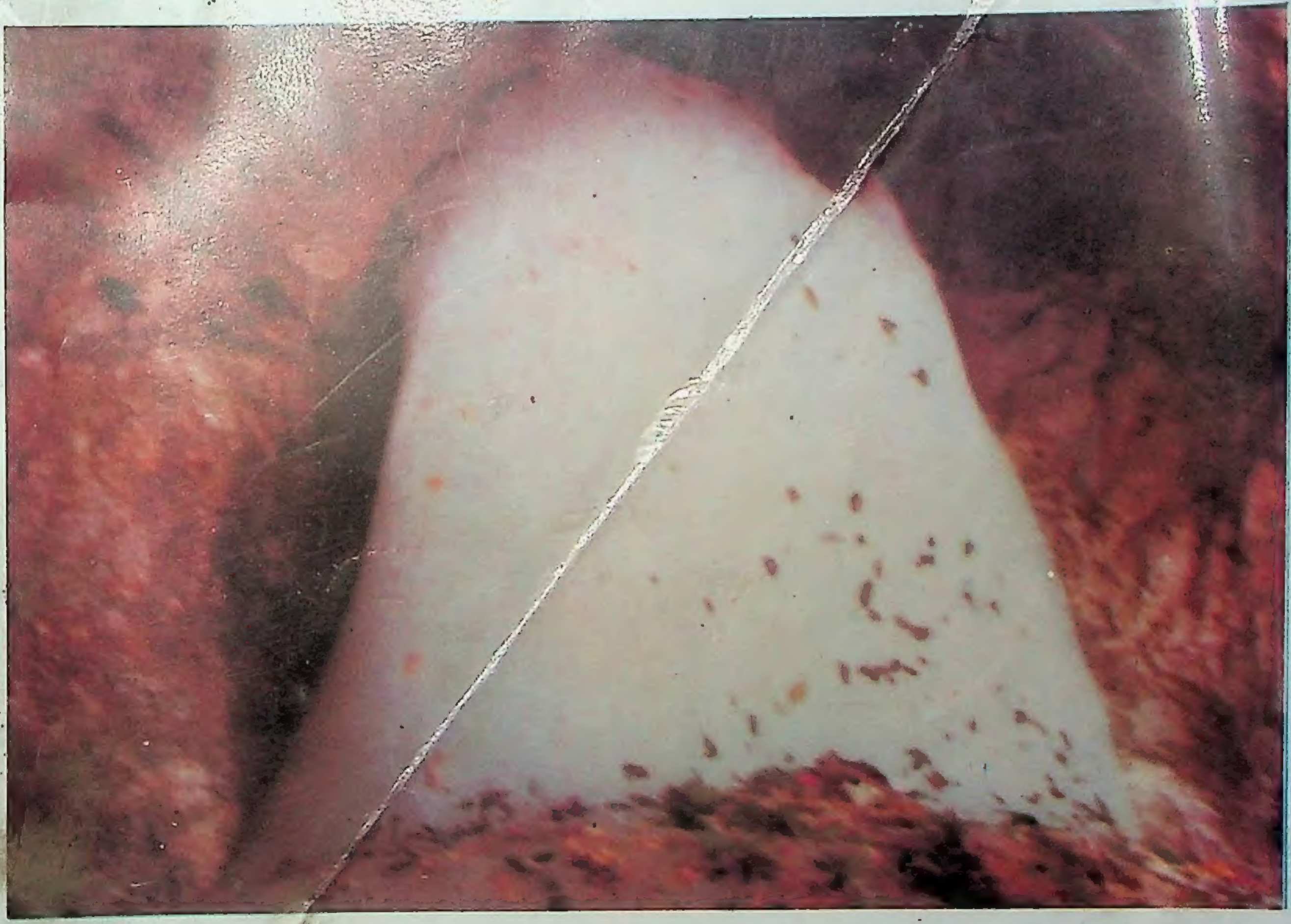

THE PUBLICATION OF KASHMIRI PANDIT SABHA, PANCHKULA

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"Historians write history, while martyrs make history"

Kashmiri Pandit Sabha
JAMMU (Tawi)

Dedicated To,

The memory of those Kashmiri men, women and innocent children who lost their lives at the hands of the fundamental zealots during the last eight years of militancy in Kashmir.

The memory of those Indians who lost their lives while fighting for protecting the honour and integrity of the nation.

KASHMIRI PANDIT SABHA PANCHKULA

(1997-1998)

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Panchkula - 134109 (Haryana)

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Preface

Identity and survival are the two burning issues our community faces at the moment. There is no order of preference, they are running tandem; for there is no identity without survival and no survival is worth surviving without a specific identity. Identity is not only an outcome of heridetary genetics. An identity is groomed by the geographic environs, by the social and cultural traditions, customs, and by the language one speaks. As the sum total effect of these factors on an individual, a group, a community or a nation, an individual identity is created. In our case it is the individual identity of one of the oldest ethenic groups of Bharata. The Kashmiri Pandit identity is at stake, and we have to preserve it. We have done it before, and shall succeed to preserve it now and even in future. This is not the first time that our identity is at stake. It was at stake even when Ashoka and Kanishka swept our land with the Buddhist lore or even when Mihirkhula, the ruthless and blood thirsty Hun ruler tried to defile the Brahmans of Kashmir by importing sudo Brahmans from Ghandhar after massacering the Buddhists. Kalhana writes in R.T.BKI Sh. 291. "The people knew his approach by noticing, the vultures, crows and other (birds) which were flying ahead eager to feed on those who were being slain within his armies reach"...... "This terrible enemy of mankind had no pity for children no compassion for women, no respect for the aged" But the Kashmiri Pandit still retained its identity.

Once again it was put to test when Caan and Dulcha the Afghans anhilated almost whole of our community. It was at stake, when Sikander Butshikan demolished and descicrated our houses of worship, enforced enmass conversion or death. It was at stake when the Pathans in 1752 "tied up Pandits two and two in grass sacks and sunk them in Dal lake. When, as an amusement, pitchers filled with ordure were placed on a Pandits head and Musalmans would pelt stones on the picthers, it would break and the unfortunate Hindus being blinded by the fifth. The Pandits .... were forced to grow beards and wear turbans. Shoes and Tika was forbidden and the poll tax Jazia was revived on Hindus."

It was at stake, when the Afghan and Pathan soldiers came thundering into our homes and carried our hapless maidens, but we learnt to build low door ways and also started the cruel system of Balvivah to save our women folk from capture and rape. Lawrence writes "Brahman parents, rather than allow the degredations of their daughters destroyed their beauty by shaving their heads or cutting their noses. In those days any Musalman who met a Pandit, would jump on his back and take a ride by saying "Buta Chuk to Khosa dita." Which means you are a Brahman and I will mount". But we managed to survive. We manged to survive even during the Sikh rule "who seem to look upon the Kashmiri's as little better than a cattle. The murder of a native by a Sikh is punished by a fine to the government of sixteen to twenty rupees, of which four rupees are paid to the family of the deceased, if a Hindu, two if he was a Muhamedan" writes Moor Craft in his book Travels of Kashmir & Ladakh.

Yes may be there was a little respite for our community, what ever was left of them during the later rule, if one feels like calling it a respite. Out of the total population of about three lac Kashmiri Pandits, the remnant of Kalhana's one Crore Brahmins - a few hundred

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families of Kashmiri Pandits enjoyed a high standard of living, not by virtue of any special favours, but because they dared to break out of the shakles of Sanskrit culture and well versed themselves both in Persian and English language; which the rest of the majority community failed to do. But alas this respite was not to last long, once again in the twentieth century we have been killed, humiliated and driven out of our home land and we are scattered all over the country. "We have been tortured and killed by inhuman practices like strangulation, lynching, draining of blood, slicing, hanging, drowning and burning alive." Even in the twentieth century we have been told ''कश्मीर मे रहना है निजामे मुस्तफा अपनाना है'' Fear not my bretheren we shall conquer.

Now is the time when we have to safe guard our identity, by retaining our cultural, social and literary traditions. We have to retain our language and our customs, which are only ours, and prove that we are the worthy inheritors of the same ancestors who under went such trials, and tribulation which faced by any other ordinary species of humans of shallow depth and baser metal would have completely perished; but we have survived and retained our identity; the identity of our social and religious customs, rites, rituals and festivals. We still celebrate the *Gada Batta, Nav Sheen, Jang Trai, The Herath, The Zaram Satam*. Our rituals and rites performed on the occasion of birth, marriage and death are still the same elobrate ones and of our very own identity. Our food habits and cuisine is still typical representative of our identity. On the higher and intellectual plain we still have preserved, our tradition of writing history, philosophy, astrology etc. besides other literary forms of expression. Only difference is, our predecessors wrote in Sanskrit, Sharda, then Persian and Urdu; now we write in Hindi, English and Kashmiri. Our ancestors commanded strategic places of honour in the courts of Hindu & Mughal rulers and even to-day we continue to do so. We are so few yet we are in every place which matters not only in, Bharata but in the other continents and countries; still upholding our identity. One feature of our identity which has been the single most casuality, in the past, and may in future too, is our language. For lack of proper script, earlier migrants from Kashmir failed to keep it alive and the same may happen again unless we make a concerted effort to keep the dialect alive. Hope we will succeed. I am not here to judge the rights and wrongs of our identity, but the tenacity of it, which has survived all the vagaries of time and space. Let us motivate ourselves to keep alive our identity in these hard times of disintegration and rootlessness. Let us not loose our selves and our identity. That does not mean we should not change; change we must. Change at least those characteristics of ours which are usually cast as aspersions at us: that we are snobs, we have a tendency to cheat, to shirk, distrust; to think that it is me and me alone, who is right. Yes we suffer from these traits. Why? Because we have lived under very trying circumstances for many centuries and during this time our psyche suffered much damage. Short term tyranny may prove a challenge but long term sustained tyranny tends to benumb and de humanise. Under continued military and ideological attack most of us lost initiative and originalty. We lost our natural-ness and self confidence. We lost pride in our selves, pride in our past, in our history. We learned to live a sort of under ground life, live furtively and apologetically. Some tried to save their self respect by identifying themselves with the thoughts and sentiments of their rulers. They even adopted the rulers contempt for their people. We

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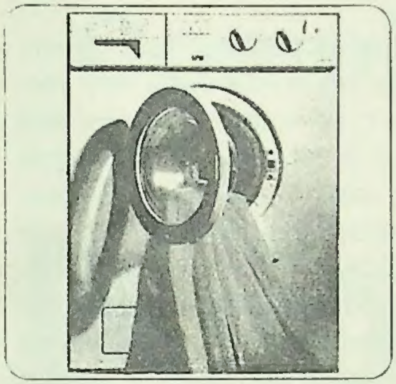

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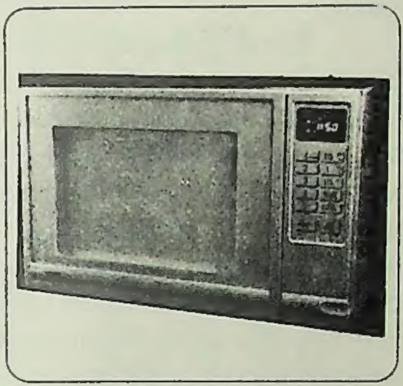

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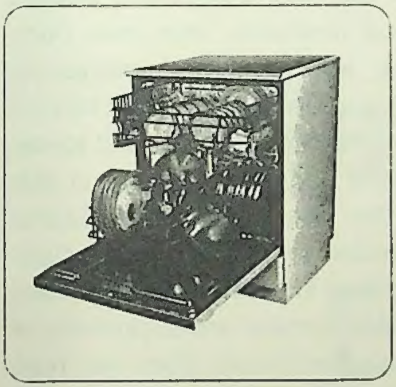

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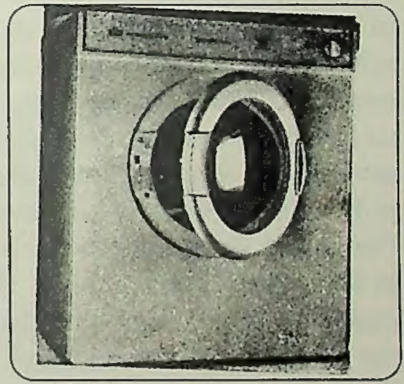

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have to gain that confidence, for we are capable of. I would like to address here my community in the words of Albert Einsteins for his Jewish people, "It suffices that we form a social body of people which stand out more and more distincitly from the rest of the humanity, and the reality of which is not doubted by any one".

Every group has its own 'National geist' a set of customs, and life style: a way of perceiving and behaving that is of value solely because it is their own. The whole cultural life is shaped from within the particular stream of tradition that comes of collective historical experience, let us disown nothing in contempt but arouse our selves to preserve our own 'geist'.

Identity is what will help us to survive among this vast sea of peoples in our country Bharta and in rest of the world. Survival is a tough challenge for us. We are a very very small fragmented and scattred community at present. We have many challenges and survival is the primary one. The greatest enemy of survival is the physical brute force which we definitely lack because of our numbers. It is always easy to survive as a majority any where, the greatness lies in surviving as a minority. All odds are against us, we have no political clout, our existence means very little to the politician who runs the roost in a democracy. But survive we have to and we will. We have survived for the last five thousands years inspite of all the brutal attacks, invasions and exoduses. We have a very strong weapon with us and that is the **will to survive** and God helps those who have the will and are courageous. Not until we respect ourselves can we gain the esteem of others, or rather then only will it come of it's own accord.

This Annual Number is a small step towards a great cause and the editor wishes to thank all those people who have spared some precious moments from their busy schedule, to help this cause by contributing very informative, soul searching, interesting and educative articles on Kashmir. Their efforts and valuable contributions have helped us to highlight our problems and suggest solutions. Sincere thanks are extended to our advertisers, whose contributions have provided the financial support to bring out this publication. Sincere acknowledgements are made to the Kashmiri Pandit Sabha Panchkula, President Shri V.K. Raina and its executive Committee members, and specially to Shrimati Viji Moza, Dr. R.P. Sapru, and Shri M.N. Zutshi for their initiative in advertisment collection drive. It is needless to say the views expressed in this number are exclusively of the author's and Panchtarni or the Kashmiri Pandit Sabha Panchkula does not hold themselves responsible for the same. Any inadvertent omissions and commissions are regreted.

We hope this small effort will come up to the expectations of our readers, and it will serve to revive our lost confidence in out greatness, and hopefully the mass murders and myheim occuring in our state; will not shake or weaken our resolve to survive and face the challanges of our times. *Tathastu* : For we are the Brahmans of Kashmir about whom Abul Fazal writes "The most respectable class in this country is that of Brahmans, who not with standing their need of freedom from the hands of tradition and customs are true worshippers of god. They do not loosen the tongue of calumany against not of their faith, nor beg nor importune."

Mohini Raina (Editor)

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK - AN APPEAL TO THE BIRADARI

We want to make our Sabha such, that all our Biradari Members, living in and around Panchkula and Pinjore, would want to come in and share the gracious thing we have established. But the executive committee cannnot achieve that of itself, we need the help of the entire membership. And so we ask your whole-hearted support. First of all in the matter of attendance. Any member some time will find it impossible to come, but most of us can be present ninety percent of the time, if only we plan for it. Never think you will not be missed. We need your presence. It helps to create atmosphere, adds to the spirit of our meetings, gettoghethers and picnics. Your presence gives inspiration to the Sabha executive. No get together is at its best when empty tables look into your face. If we want our get togthers- social or religious- be success we must provide an audience for the same. Moreover, you need to come. He who would have friends must show himself friendly. How can you get any thing out of the Sabha, unless you come to the Sabha.

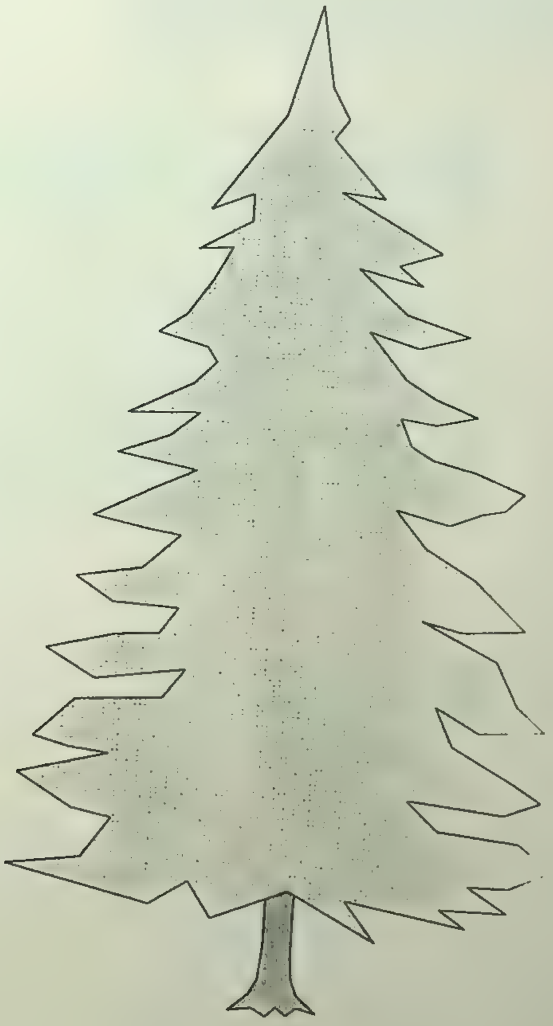
We ask for the support of your faithful and intelligent committee service. Active participation in the Biradari's affairs. But especially we ask the support of your interest and friendly understanding. During the last one year, the present executive gave the best it has as had the executives of the past. What we did was done having in view interest and desire of the Sabha members, as a whole, as we knew it. Now no committee can please all the members all the time. It is scarcely probable, but it is atleast theoretically possible, that the executive some time may make a mistake; in which case we cofidentially expect to hear about it. Criticism is a whole some thing, as proving interest and vitality in the activities of the Sabha. And that too is true provided the criticism be well considered from the point of view of the Sabha as a whole, and provided it be frankly uttered, first to the object of the criticism in good temper and with a friendly manner, where the criticism is merely the result or voice of personal bad feelings, then it is against the very spirit of the Sabha, does harm to the Biradari as a whole and is of no good to the critic. But while we do not expect immunity from the criticism, we do ask you to believe that, where the responsiblility of decision rests with the executive, it is moved only by thought for the Sabha with unfriendliness towards none and good will to all.

The outgoing executive would once again appeal to the Biradari to come forward. The Sabha wants your suggestions as well as support.

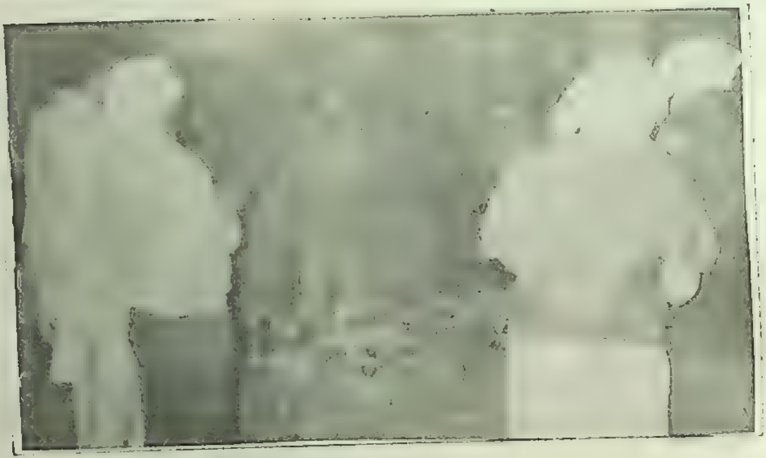
I have said a good deal. I have said it sincerely. Every member of this Sabha, nay every member of our community, is worthy of respect and interest of every other member. I consider my community, toiling, stiriving, spending themselves, that the nation may be girt in steel, built bigger and stronger for generations yet to come. I consider my nation, of which our community is an essential *Ang*, its influence a blessing, its purpose honest, it's history wrought in honour nor sudden in success. And in the suffering of my community, in their prostrate forms, I read anew the lessons that the soul of this people, which could lift communities to such heights, is still a living, moving, flaming thing. And when the evil is measured and good is counted, I find that the balance is right. And I love faith.

I would like to convey, through the of pages of this publication, my deep sense of

gratitude to all Biradari Members and to my co-workers in the Executive Committee for the whole hearted support and co-operation extended during my tenure as the President. The dedication to the cause and devotion to their responsibilities which my Executive Members have exhibited has further enhanced my faith in the capabilities of my community. I would like, in particular, express my sincere thanks to Smt. Viji Moza, for her outstanding efforts towards the collection of funds for the Sabha. I would also like to convey our gratitude to Smt. Mohini Raina, for having agreed to shoulder the responsibility of the Editorship of our fledgling monthly News Letter - Panchtarni, and bringing out its inaugural annual number.



Biradari Members Participating in HAWAN Function - Feb. 1998



Lady Members From Pinjore Celebrating Zangtrai At Pinjore

From The General Secretary's Desk

Kashmiri Pandit Sabha Panchkula was formed in the year 1994. The basic aim of the sabha was to have effective commnunication between the members of the Biradari and to meet each other to share the problems faced by them, especially in view of the forced migration from the valley. The first elected body to conduct the day to day affairs of the Sabha was formed on 18.9.94 with Sh. S.N. Labroo as its president. The Sabha was registered with the Registrar of societies on 16th Nov. 1994. The elections were held in May 97, in which the present office bearers took the charge of conducting the affairs of the Sabha. Since the Sabha was in the infancy, it was felt that it would be more useful to contact each Biradari Member by conducting a sort of "Padyatra". On the auspicious occasion of "Zeith Ashtami", a Kirtan was proposed to be performed but due to the sad demise of the young daughter of a Biradari member, it was postponed and later the kirtan was performed on the auspicious day of "Haar Ashtami".

Death is the biggest truth of life. Unfortunately, some of the distinguished members of the Biradari passed away during this year. The need of a *SHARNPET* and *PET* was felt and the Sabha got two sets made and kept it in the "Shumshan Bhoomi" at Manimajra.

The biggest socio-religious function i.e. Havan was performed in the month of Feb.'98. Havan, as is well known, is performed for the betterment of the society as a whole. But for us, in the Sabha, it serves two purposes: Almost all the members attend the same for the obvious religious belief and faith and secondly, it gives us a golden opportunity to meet each other and learn about others. The Havan was performed in a typical Kashmiri style and "Prasad" was also served in the same old Kashmiri tradition. One of the members, during the Havan, informed us that his only son is suffering from a deadly disease and asked for some financial help. The Sabha helped him by extending a little bit of financial help - *Patram Pushpam.*

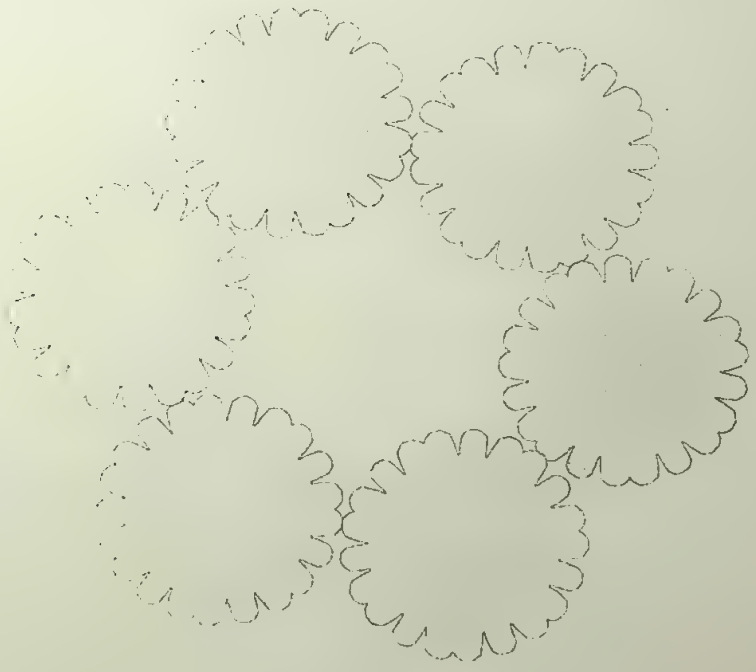
"Zang Trai" has cultural importance in the life of Kashmiri Pandits. On this day, the ladies used to go to their parental house in Kashmir. The Sabha felt that it was important to preserve this cultural trait. The lady members were requested to participate in a function on the day of "Zang Trai". Some sports were organised and light snacks were also served. In the end every lady was given the symbolic "Salt bag" and "one rupee coin". Last of the functions organized by the present executive was the grand picnic cum Navreh function at Chicken Kot (near Pinjore). Such type of picnics give us a chance to meet and understand each other. In the picnic, typical Kashmiri cuisine was served and to our pleasure, everybody was beaming with joy.

The Sabha had also the honour of co-hosting the Annual General Meeting of all India Kashmiri Samaj which was held on May second & third 1998 at Kashmiri Bhavan, Chandigarh. It was emphasised in the meeting that relief and rehabilitation facilities of the Kashmiri Migrants all over India should be taken up with the new Govt. at the centre on a priority basis, so that the sufferings of the unfortunate Kashmiri Pandits could lessen a bit. It was also decided in the meeting that the problems faced by the community will be discussed with the Govt. of India by a steering committee to be formed for the same purpose.

BIRADARI MEMBERS ENJOYING A PICNIC AT CHIKANKOTE 19TH APRIL, 1998

I personally believe, that the proper communication helps to bring the people together effectively, towards this direction, it was felt, that a directory of the Biradari members and a monthly news letter be published which could help in conveying messages to the people and keep the members abreast with the latest information about the Biradari. This idea gave birth to our monthly news letter "Panchtarni". Although there were many hiccups in the initial stages, yet we have been able to overcome them, thanks to the tireless efforts of it's editor Smt. Mohini Raina. Still, we feel that there is a bit of problem in its delivery to the members. But, believe us, we take every care to see that it reaches everybody. We regret, if there are a few lapses here and there on account of its proper delivery.

Now, we have come up with the Annual issue of the "Panchtarni" and hope that this finds a place in your mind and heart.



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Some Random Thoughts on Kashmir

By Onkar Kachru

Return or not to Return? : The upper most thought that occupies and disturbs our mind today concerns our Return or Not to Return to our homes and hearths, which the fundamentalist terrorist made us to leave at the point of gun, torture and terror. This historical fact need not to be stressed repeatedly that we are the original dwellers of the ancient land of Kashmir who left their imprint on every aspect of the 5,000 year old culture and civilisation of this ancient land its history, philosophy, art, asthetics even politics and economics. Therefore, let us make it very clear to all concerned and to the whole world that we will never give up our birth right to go back to the ancient land of our ancestors.

The Ground Realities : Having said thus we, as an educated, matured community, can not loose sight of the present ground realities. We know that our tormenters, who forced on us a mass exodus from the valley, about a decade ago, and made us refugees (they called us migrants as if we migrated of our free will) in our own country. We all know that in the terrorist stricken valley, we had to leave behind both moveable and unmoveable property worth (several thousand) crorers of rupees. Thousands of our houses were looted and burnt And many more are under the illegal and forcible occupation. In spite of a law concerning such properties passed recently by the state Assembly, nothing substantial has been done in this respect by the biased officialdom of the state. And very unfortunately many of our own brothers are busy in selling their properties at throw away prices.

Over and above all this, a dark shadow is looming large above our heads, the ghastly massacres of Sangrampura and Wandahama in Kashmir and now Parankot in Udhampur (Jammu).

Under these circumstances can we return to Kashmir ? Even if we so desire, but where are we to go ? The security environment there is hardly favourable and condusive, confidence building measures are woefully non-existent. Except some media noises nothing substantial is being done to resettle the uprooted Kashmiri Pandits. Much talked about Draft report prepared by ML.Kaul is rotting somewhere in the heaps of government files. Why a blue print of resettlement could not take shape in more than one year, which the forgotten report had indicated in so many words.

Camps : These and many such questions need our attention and answers. These are our long term plans. But our immediated concern should be our innumerable dispossessed and displaced bretheren who still live in different camps scattered in Jammu, Udhampur, Delhi and many other places in tattered tents and one room tenements resembling pigeon holes. It is shameful that even today they live in most unhygeinic conditions, without even the basic amenities like potable water, bathrooms, toilets etc. Education and medical facilities are lacking. We can very well imagine their agony and suffering. So many children need education, girls have to be married, increasing number of aged people need medical care, admissions and employment of youngsters has to be arranged. All these problems should be our immediate concern.

Mochhifol/Atharot (A handful of helping hand) : that in absence of any substantial support coming from government agencies, we have to depend on our own, and create a central Fund, which can be utilised for our needy bretheren, especialy in emergencies like medical aid, educational reliefs etc. This fund can be raised by our friends and affiliates under the name of *Mochhifol/Atharot*. Till recent past, in Kashmir, this was a part of our daily life. It reminded us constantly of our community bretheren in distress, and how to mitigate their suffering quietly and with dignity. So, at these difficult times there is an immense need of this fund, which can revive this forgotton part of our rich cultural tradition.

National Human Rights Commission (NHRC) : Because of the conserted efforts of our various organisations, doing splendid work in their respective fields for the betterment of our community, National Human Rights commission has begun to take note of our plight and the serious violations of our human rights. We must be quite active on this front and bring before the commission the human rights violations that are inflicted on the minority community of Kashmiri Pandits almost daily. In this connection we should not ignore the very negative role of so called human rights organisations like Amnesty International, Asia Watch and their Indian Chapters. By and large their role has been patently biased so far as the human rights violations of minority community of KPs is concerned.

Registration : Members of our community who have been forced to migrate to far off places like Bangalore, Lucknow, Panchkula and other such places have been déprived of the benefits which the registered migrants get. We should approach and persuade the respective state governments to register such displaced Kashmiris as they have been registered in Jammu, Udhampur, Delhi etc.

Our many friends and activists are doing a great job through organisations which look after the interest of pensioners, state employees and fire sufferes etc. We must appreciate such initiatives and assure them of our support.

We must evolve an exclusive mechanism : We must not loose sight of our basic goal : To return to our land of ancestors, the Kashmir Valley. Our community may not comprise large numbers, but the history has thrust upon us a role which, whether we like or not, we have to play in the larger interest of our country and its democratic, secular polity. This role we can fulfill only by returning to the valley.

But our reverse exodus cannot take place because we wish it so. In the present hostile and insecure atmosphere that prevails in Kashmir we cannot return in the foreseeable future. But we can and should begin the necessary exercise of infrasturcture we may call it, which can deal with the powers that be. And these powers, many of them, are to our and our nation's interests. Yet we have to deal with them, talk to them, pin them down to certain commitments expose them, persuade them. Hence a mechanism, an exclusive mechanism is a must and we must utilise the interlude to evolve it to fulfill our long term, ultimate goal. We cannot and should not escape the "political burden" of history ! If we do it, the posterity will not forgive us!!

(Author is the Editor of the Bi-Lingual monthly "NAAD", the official organ of the All India Kashmiri Samaj.)

Paradise Desecrated (A Short Story)

By Asha Hanley

Kashmir....

.. .. ..that evocative name .. which brings to mind visions of what should have been a Paradise on Earth

Our glimpse of any beloved place - even if a lifetime extends to 80 or 100 years - is so very brief; but the more we love it, the more vividly alive is the whole history of which we have witnessed a mere flash.

Ganeshpora, a few miles down the Liddar Valley from my place, comes to mind with three vivid pictures, which are perhaps symbolical of Kashmir - to date.

Nearly two thousand years ago, Kanishkapura, gradually corrupted to Ganeshpura, was the capital of Kanishka - that mighty warrior and most powerful king - who finally laid aside arms and bloodshed to follow the Buddhist Path. Within 5 miles are the villages of Vaajur and Aamar. If you climb the hill behind, there are traces of what must have been small separate cells, perhaps for visitors, perhaps for monks who needed to be well away to concentrate the more deeply on the Path of Light. Or was it up there, with a magnificent view of the valley, that Great Buddhist Council was held?

Tolerance, glory and riches were outpoured for this benevolent king, who had realised that willing co-operation is more powerful than conquest by might and violence.

One might safely say that influence of tolerance reflected Nature's benign attitude - enabling all to live and let live, regardless of race and creed. Other kings followed, with varied beliefs and solutions to their problems ... the greatest being greed, all too easily leading to a wrong perspective.

But in spite of many vicissitudes, Kashmir remained a Valley of Beauty blessed with goodwill. Amongst the people ..? Hardship there was ... but kindliness persisted inequalities of wealth and privilege, yet with it, some sense of responsibility that goes with privilege. Kindliness presisted

Many year ago, one morning on my way to Sringar, I passed Ganeshpora, now a small but picturesque village, sleepily awaking to the golden day. The close-packed houses, tumbling down the slope, the narrow lanes, women with water pots to be filled at the Shah Kul, a canal created so many centuries ago by Zain-ul Abdin. A little girl came out to draw firewood from the stack beside the house. A beautiful, peaceful, normal day.

But tragedy struck. Normality disappeared within hours.

The village went up in flames.

Word spread amongst the passengers as we returned from the city that evening.

Ganeshpora had burnt down.

The greatest losses had been amongst the Pandit Community. Most people had been out to work or at school. Very little chance to salvage anything.

A Pandit women, with a robe of kingfisher blue, with her ornaments of gold and her veil of spotless muslin, got down from the bus.

With one horrified gasp she stood transfixed.

From there on the road, she stared down the slope at the smouldering remains of her ancestral home. Everything was lost. Nothing remained. Only charred blackened wood

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and a pile of rubble.

"Gone" she cried "Finished. No home. Nothing." Suddenly she wailed: " Where will I go? What will I do ?" and she burst into uncontrollable sobbing.

Some of the villagers were standing by. Those who had stayed home must have had some terrifying hours too. There they stood, in their shabby homespun, with their grass sandals and rough hands.

Then, in one of the most unforgettable gestures I have ever seen, one of those simple, shabby-clothed men went up to her. With the tenderness of brother, he, dirty and ragged though he might be, put his arm round her and said:

"While any of us have a roof, you will always have a home. We have been neighbours for so many generations - can we ever forget ?" and he led her away.

For me, that will for ever be the true heart of Kashmir.

Alas, it is too easy to pull people down, to lower their standards and quench values.

My third memory, not picture, but almost as vivid because told to me by some one who knew the people concerned . . . .

In 1990, external influences blotted out the daylight.

There was a young Pandit, married only about a year, not highly educated, but a good radio repairer He lived quietly in the home where his family may have been rooted for about 3000 years. Repairing radios, and newly launched on his career, he managed to make ends meet.

When political darkness fell, he pleaded with the infiltrators :

"Please leave me in peace. I have no interest in politics. I am a poor man, with a young wife and small son. I have to earn my living and can't afford to run away to the plains where I shall have to pay rent. Just let me live and work ... interfering with no one .. ."

The self-styled 'area commander' gave his written permission to stay on and guaranteed no interference, from the fighters'.

Before six months passed, in the cool of the evening, someone called from below

"We want a few words with you. Come down."

The man went down. Instinctively knowing that something was wrong, the young wife followed.

Man and wife were thrown into a car, driven away 20 miles, and shot. Their bodies were found days later.

And the baby ....?

But Kashmiris have been grounded in the most tolerant Sufi and Hindu approach to life, traditions which complement each other. The intermingling of the noblest thought, from whatever base, creates a sphere of harmony and variety which truly reflects the harmony and variety of the whole of Creations. We cannot get away from sharing. Whether we like it or not, we are all part of this world. How much more intelligent to share peace and friendship rather than bloodshed and fury.

The pendulum must swing back to what has been, over some thousands of years, a tradition where tolerance is an essential part of normality.

Asha Hanley, Hotel Delmon, Panaji - 403001 Goa.

KASHMIR'S PLACE IN THE CULTURAL MOSAIC OF INDIA

By Manmohan Dhar

(Reproduced from Vitasta Annual Number 1987)

When Pandit Nehru gave his call to the Nation to go to the assistance of Kashmiris to face the invaders; it was not because of a private alliance between Sheikh Abdullah and Pandit Nehru or their Kashmiri descent and heritage but, because of much deeper and abiding relationship of Kashmir and Kashmiri ethos with the broader cultural and spiritual mosaic of India.

Kashmiri mind transcends the bounds of narrow religious and communal view of Hinduism and Islam, and has been a creation of thousands of years of cultural and spiritual enquiry and experiment. It was amidst its cool valleys, known for their enchanting beauty, that these fair coloured men- all of them Brahmins - with their sharp features, aquiline noses and beautiful eyes, measured with and exceeded in thought and spirit, the excellence of their surroundings. Different religions were considered as complimentary aids to greater understanding of the human spirit and these geniuses of thought, untangled the path of men from the snares of narrow religious creeds and conventions, to strive into perennial streams of freedom, sustained, softened and sweatened by love, religious catholicity and enlightened human understanding.

Right from the very ancient times, Kashmir had become a vibrant clearing house of spiritual knowledge a laboratory to nourish and to give shape to new thoughts and a place where scholars concourced, conversed and concurred to give ground rules for thinking processes, language, logic, aesthetics, religious philosophics, music, dance and science. Scholars and spiritual seekers moved regularly from Kashmir to various other parts of the country and Central Asia and from Central Asia to Kashmir.

Says Grierson "For upward of two thousand years Kashmir has been the house of sanskrit learning and from this small valley have issued masterpiece of history, poetry, romance, fable and philosophy. For centuries Kashmir was the home of the greatest sanskrit scholars ...".

According to Bilhana "Even women in Kashmir spoke sanskrit and Prakrit quite fluently."

Is it surprising, therefore, that Panini - the father of sanskrit grammer was born there in a village called Salatoor - for which reason he was also known as Salatooriya - but later moved to Patliputra (Patna in Bihar) where he taught sanskrit grammer ? Patanjali, the author of Mahabhashya - the commentary of Panini's grammer - and also one of the greatest systems of Yoga- 'Yoga Darshan', was a Kashmiri. SAIVISM' which represents one of the most luminous attainments of spiritual endeavour to relate human with the Divine, was conceived there and was and is being taught in the valley, even today. According to Prof Sylvan Levi, CARAKA, author of the famous book on Medicine, CARKASAMHITA was a Kashmiri, and so was KOKA - author of KOKA SHASTRA, which is considered the most important book on sex after 'KAMSUTRA'. Even 'PANCHTANTRA' is supposed to be of Kashmiri origin. Damodara Gupta wrote KUTTANI MATAM an interesting poetical work dealing with the ethics of concubinage. Much can also be said in

favour of Kalidas having been a Kashmiri.

The names of mighty minds who made contributions to Indian thought in the field of Sanskrit learning, literature and sciences covering a wide field of philosophy, poetry, prosody, aesthetic fables, plays, medicine, astronomy, astrology etc., are legion. Volumes have been written on the work of these great personalities. What is, however, more important is that during this period and even centuries before Christ, there was a constant flow of scholars from Kashmir to the rest of India and vice-versa. Having become a seat of learning scholars from all over India used to go to Kashmir for higher studies.

As is well known, Kashmiri's had developed their own script, called the sharda script for writing Sanskrit. It is significant, that recently several important manuscripts of works of Kashmirian Saivan philosophy in sharada and some South Indian scripts have been found in Kerala and Madras.'

Kashmiri scholars wrote extensive commentaries on the Gita, Mahabarata and other important Sanskrit works including those of Kalidasa and others and actively participated in many important assemblies deliberating on religion, philosophy or literature in various parts of India.

According to Narayana Menon, the most important work on music in the medieval period is that on Karnataka Music - Sangit Ratnakara. This was written by Sarangdeva who was a Kashmiri. His father had immigrated to South in the 12th century and worked at Devagiri. Menon says that Sarangadeva's book formulates the basic of Karnataka music and there are few West Asian and European works to compare with 'Sangita Ratnakara' when it comes to detailed accounts of theory and practise by scholarly musicians.

According to Professor Thattacheriar, head of the sanskrit department of the Madras University, the contribution of Kashmiri scholars to South Indian Philosophy, aesthetics, dance and music has been very significant. For instance, it is known that Thirumalur, one the earliest teachers of Saivism in South (1st to 9th Century AD) came from Kashmir.

Similarly, many scholars from India went to Kashmir and settled there. Notable among these is Atrigupta, a well known scholar from KANAUJ who came to Kashmir at the invitation of King Lalitaditya. His descendent, Abhinavagupta (950-960 AD), stands like a prince amongst Kashmiri thinkers, whose contribution in the field of aesthetics and philosophy has been the most profound.

There is a strong belief that Sankaracharya visited Kashmir and the legend has it that he held philosophical discussions with Mandan Misra and his wife. So did Ramanuja the doyen of the Vaishnava creed go to Kashmir all the way from Madras to argue with the Kashmiri Saivite philosophers.

In the field of Tantra Shastra, the links established between Bengal, Kashmir and Kerala, would in itself be a fertile field for study to provide considerable evidence of exchange and inter-action that took place over many centuries. 'Kaula' is a title given to the adept in the tantra sadhana and the prevelance of this system of spiritual pursuit in Kashmir can be judged by the number of 'Kauls' in and outside Kashmir, whose surname is derived from the spiritual attainment their fore-fathers may have attained.

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Earlier, during Ashoka's reign 5000 monks were settled in the valley to establish a centre of study and propogation of Buddhist religious texts. Ashoka is stated to have gone to Kashmir and worshipped Lord Shiva at the famous temple of HARMUKTAGANGA.

In the later period, Kanishka held the third Buddhist Council in Kashmir and Mahayan Doctrine' was born. The deliberations were conducted in Sanskrit. Kashmiri missioneries, radiated into Tibet, China and other parts of south-east Asia. In order to make propogation in Tibet purposeful, Kashmiri scholars devised a script and grammer for the Tibetan language and translated Mahayan Buddhist Doctrines into Tibetan. The greatest among these missionaries is SHYAM BHATTA who created the script and grammer for the Tibetan language.

Added to these facts, are the evidence in sculpture striven all over the valley. Says Lawrence "The valley of KASHMIR is the holy land of Hindus and I have rarely seen in any village which cannot show some relic of Antiquity....". The ruins of MARTANDA and other old temples are even now called 'Pandawa Houses' and Kalhana says it was at Lord Krishna's advice that YASOVATI was made queen regent of Kashmir after Krishna had defeated King Damodara-Yasovati's husband.

A whole population of Saraswat Brahmins, who gave themselves up wholly to the refined grace of life, in the bracing and beautiful environment, unique in its own right and kept alive the pursuit of spiritual enquiry and art of living, have to be seen in the foregoing back-drop of the Pre-Buddhist era and later, which gives some indications of the deep spiritual and cultural links of Kashmir with the rest of India.

But history was not to leave them at peace. While Muslim Kings invaded India their ingress into the valley was at first thwarted by high mountains, cold weather and snow. Mahmud Ghazni made several attempts but finally like Napolean's retreat from the Russian soil, he yielded against the geography of Kashmir and abandoned the idea of invading Kashmir again. Islam, had however, swayed over vast teritories around Kashmir, and the new faith had made its entry gradually, stealthily but steadily. Harsha, a Hindu King, influenced by Islam, destroyed Hindu temples and images. During the 'Saltanate' rule lasting for over 200 years from early fourteenth century, King Sultan Sikander, decided to convert Hindus by force and his Prime Minister, Suha Bhatt (Saif-ud-Din) a convert to Islam, razed to the ground some of the most famous and beautiful edifices to the Hindu temple and architectural genius. Mosques were raised in their place. Simultaneously, muslim scholars from Iran and other places were invited, and the artistic propensities of the Kashmiris were stifled by banning playing of musical instruments and dancing.

Yet amidst this multi-point thrust on the Hindus, Sanskrit continued to be the official routine language in the Government. Several Kashmiri Pandits were in high position. But Persian and Arabic words were freely used and it was in about the 15th century that Persian became the officials language under the rule of Sultan-Zainul-abidin. He was a great King, who lent Hindu content to the Persian language by getting some of the ancient Hindu scriptures translated into Persian made outstanding contributions to the Persian literature. Zain-ul-abidin laid the foundaton, for a cultural synthesis, where in the spirit behind form, it was difficult to find the dividing lines between Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam.

During this period, the local language became the repository of Sanskrit, Arabic and the Persian words; and Kashmir became the cradle of cultures and almost through unconscious accertion of various influences worked out a synthesis, which became the dominant message in the poetry of some of the greatest seers of 'Unity in the diversity of religions', such as 'Laleshwari' and 'Nunda Rishi'.

Although buffeted by constant strifes and travails of wars, through the passage of history and persecuted by riligious bigots, Kashmiri Pandits survived the holocaust of tyranny, which at one time reduced their population to a mere eleven families, the rest were either converted or fled the valley to various parts of India. There have thus been a series of exoduses from the valley.

Nevertheless, Kashmiri Muslims and Hindus that remained behind in the valley, grew in an atmosphere of catholicity and evolved a common datum of the highest spiritual values in various religions, which became the bedrock of a secular culture, that has survived erosion by time. Even today, in the valley of Kashmir, it is not uncommon to listen in early mornings to the calls of Allah-O-Akbar and the Vedic hymns almost sung to the same tune. Kashmiri's, Muslims or Hindus wherever they are, in Kashmir or outside have carried this message of under standing and secularism in their mental make up and style of living.

In the words of Dr SENGUPTA 'Kashmir has been very much in the news since 1947 as if it is just a piece of terrain, over the possession of which warring forces are at bay ....

We want the world to know a bit of the bubbling fountain of life that has been flowing through her arteries, since the Aryan immigrants settled first in this snow-capped valley, which constitutes a diadem of diamond on the head of India."

India has thus a spiritual, cultural and an emotional stake in Kashmir, which has been the culmination of thousands of years of deep association, exchange and a living process. It is the duty of every Indian, not to barter it away because of lowly concept of communal claim on her on the basis of majority population. Kashmir has indeed become the symbol of secularism.

They have played their enlightened and constructive role in various fields through the centuries over the length and breath of INDIA, which can be written in letters of gold; and have always been the torch bearers of cultural excellence of India.

Pandit Nehru's and the Nation's spontaneous response to fight Pakistan have to be seen in this broad vision of Kashmir's place in the cultural mosaic of India and the nation must take due note to the efforts and role of the Kashmiri Pandit between Kashmir and the rest of India enriched by the glorious past of thousands of years, are not snapped or obliterated by unscrupulous elements through the subversive and subterranian efforts in Kashmir with their epicentre in Pakistan.

Heal The World

By Rahul Razdan

Global Tensions and Balm

Needed To ease Them ???

Heal The World
Life is decaying,
World dissipating,
Death threatening
Yet
The humans are busy
Busy fighting each other,
Fighting every reason,
For no reasons :
·Crushing humanism
Creating hell,
Trampling upon happy life :
Causing
Bloodshed, Explosions,
Death and destruction,
Isn't bloodshed eroding culture ?
Shouldn't the mess be put an end to ?
Come one, Come all,
Join hands, make a ring,
Dance and sing
In peace
Knock out evil, avoid misery.
Think positive
Respect all life and
Work for a clean environment,
For the progeny to follow suit
and,
Change this hell of a world,
Into a heaven of truth,
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SOME THOUGHTS ON A FUTURE AGENDA

WE NEED TO RISE ABOVE OURSELVES TO PRESERVE THE COMMUNITY

BY Dr. R.P. Sapru

The present state of our Kashmiri Pandit community is a matter of deep concern for all of us. Pakistan sponsored terrorism in Kashmir has undoubtedly been the immediate provocation for the exodus of all but a small handful of our brethern from their homes in the valley The few that have opted to stay on due to personal compulsions live in constant fear of their lives ; many have lost even that. Those who have migrated continue to live in miserable conditions.Help from various official and private sources has been meagre. International agencies have taken little notice of the enforced refugee status of the community as a consequence of organised ethnic cleansing at the behest of a foreign power. One wonders if this is not aggression what else is ? A whole generation of young persons will have to carry, for their entire lives, the cross of a deeply scarred psyche unable to understand how in a country that swears by secularism they have been uprooted and their lives shattered merely because they were born into families professing particular religious beliefs. Their youthful dreams lay buried at tha altar of political expediency. There is enough cause for lament, and we have been doing that aplenty, but without the desired benefits for the community so far. It is, therefore, time to introspect and see if anything could have been done differently to enhance the chances of a more successful outcome.

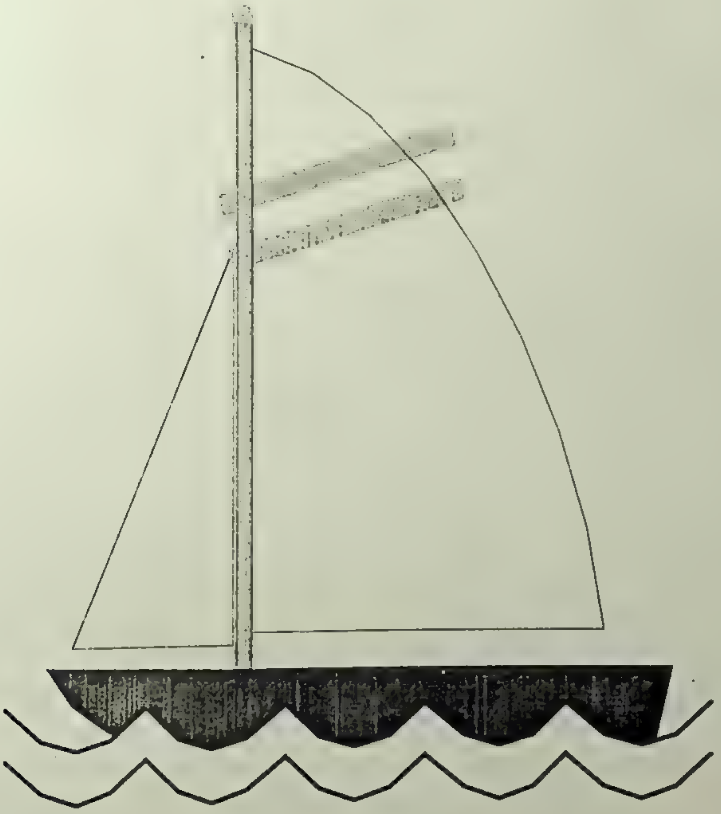
The rich cultural heritage of our community has been repeatedly emphasised and rightly so. But harping on the past alone is not going to protect our future. History is replete with examples of communities with equally rich cultural backgrounds which have faded into oblivion. The Greek and Roman civilisations are the most outstanding examples. We may remember them but they are gone. I am sure we do not wish to join that group of extinct cultures. In order to save our community from a similar fate we have to take a good and hard look at the course of events. Our problems started way back in 1947 itself. The transfer of power to the people was inevitably and rightly followed by societal change in which the minority Kashmiri Pandit community had to lose many of the exclusive privileges it had enjoyed under the previous feudal patronage. Nevertheless, it has to be said to the credit of the community that the change was accepted with grace and without rancour in the truly Gandhian spirit. However, the community failed to see the writing on the wall and did not organise any effective social framework to preserve and promote our cultural life style. We somehow imagined that we would survive under the passive umbrella of Kashmiriat. One of the main reasons for this failure was the egocentric pysche that had taken hold of our community members when the going was good under the previous regimes. Even when the social framework was changing to our disadvantage, long before the upswing of the present era of militancy, we remained passive spectators without caring to form a social safety net for the long term preservation of the community. The larger perspective to safeguard community interest was lost sight of in favour of immediate self interest. In fact a slow exodus of members of our community has started long before the

events of 1989-1990. Unfortunately we have not been able to shed that part of our psyche even today. The result is that inspite of the severe calamity that has overtaken the community we have not been able to organise a credible instrument for social preservation and for forcing political events. There are many other communities in the country which have developed strong social bonds and strong social organisations to preserve their cultural identity. Ours is not one of them. It is the conviction of this writer that our community can survive the present strains only if we organise a strong origanisational framework dedicated to promoting our cultural identity. In this connection lessons can be drawn from the Jews who have survived even greater stresses and strains on the strength of community bonds. Although it is tempting to demand a return to our homeland in Kashmir, political realities suggest that primacy should be given to efforts aimed at preserving our cultural identity wherever we are. For this we need to rise above individuals ego and work for the good of the community. A united and strong social organisation devoted to this purpose is a paramount requiste. Othewise we shall be the unwitting witness to the dissolution of our community. The call of the hour, in the opinion of this writer, is for all splinter groups to come together under a strong umbrella organisation and for all local groupings to bear allegiance to that organisation. The mandate for such an organisation should be to preserve and enhance the social and cultural identity of the community, to provide support to our struggling young members, and to provide succour for those most in need. For this purpose local and global linkages should be developed. In short the organisation should devote itself to social and community service. Lung power must yield place to silent service. Political issues should take second place in that scheme of priorities. At present we are pressing with a political agenda with a supportive social agenda. What we need is a social agenda supported by a political agenda. In point of fact, a strong social agenda is the best way to lend credibility to the political agenda and force people in power to take notice.

While framing the social agenda it is necessary that we do not depend entirely on the pittances offered by the State Government or even the Central Government. We have to learn to stand on our own feet. Our social agenda must be self sustaining. The focus must shift from what we may have lost to what we can achieve and how. It is high time that we turn the calamity that has befallen the community into an opportunity, especially for our youngsters. In the present economic scenario in the country it would not be wise to limit our opportunities by hankering after government jobs and officials doles. There is a wide world of opportunity to which we must reach out. I have no doubt that our enterprising youngsters will make room for themselves even on their own. If, however, the community plays a significant role in promoting their efforts, the community bonds will grow and the future of the community will be secure.

One of the powerful and relatively inexpensive ways of reaching out to the entire world community is by projecting our problems and solutions on the Internet. That is also the most effective way of communicating with members of our community anywhere in the world and maintaining a regular dialogue with them. It can also effectively boost our ability to raise funds for social work for the community. However, this will be effective only if the social agenda, not the political agenda, is given pre-eminence.

It is the strong belief of this writer, that the present global political scenario will promote a settlement that will create satisfactory conditions for the long term solution of our problems. Meanwhile we must prevent disintegration of the community so that we may be in a position to take advantages of the solution whenever it comes. Therefore, it is necessary that our social and political agenda should focus on the young members of our community. After all it is they who will determine whether the identity of our community will survive. If their needs and aspirations are not met by a process of vigorous social bonding the community is doomed irrespective of the most favourable political solution. Unfortunately we have failed to ensure that the young members of our community take the lead in drawing up a credible liaison with those elements of the majority Muslim community in Kashmir and outside who contribute to the philosophy of Kashmiriat which in the true Sofi tradition is essentially a secular way of life, tolerant of all shades of opinion and beliefs. I can never forget how, in 1948, my family and I were saved from the wrath of the raiders by a Muslim family. And I am aware of many such examples. We must actively build on those traditions. It is for us to make the choice for no one else can help except we ourselves, all of us.



KASHMIRI PANDIT

(An Emblem of Kashmiriat)

By N.N. Mujoo

A SYMBOL OF CULTURE

Shri Jagmohan, Ex-Governor of J & K, explored the origin of Kashmiri Pandit in Ran of Kutch, where the abode of the community was on the banks of the River Saraswati. The river dried up & the community moved towards hills & finally settled in Kashmir about six thousand years age. He further writes that the community was talented & highly learned in Mathematics, Philosophy & Astrology. For these qualities the community people have had the privilege of permanent abode with respected positions. Being devotees of Sarasvati they were esteemed as Sarsoot Brahmans and the valley was and still is revered as Sharda Peeth (the seat of Sharda the goddess of learning).

The mother tongue of the Pandit was Sanskrit and Kashmir flourished as sanctuary of culture - learning & literature for long. Kashmiri, which we speak today, is the off-shoot of Sanskrit in altered form and pronunciation with addtions and alterations and influence of other foreign languages.

Kashmiri Pandit is the symbol of age's old culture sprouted out of the Vedas and is decorated as a living portrait of peace - modesty and ahimsa. K.P. is a model of Sanatan Dharma, which in the words of Sri Aurobindhoo is "Nationalism".

A VICTIM OF INTOLERANCE

Kashmiri Pandit is a figure of religious tolerance, though a victim of intolerance ever since the reign of Sikander and rule of Iftikhar and Jabhar and other Afghan and Mughal Subedars. He has had to starve and suffer the governance of fundamental zealots; who let lose the terror of forced conversions, murders and extinction of the community hundreds of years ago. None the less; he never believed in religious bigotry & it was for the qualities of his head & heart that he stood as an edifice of his culture & continued to survive in those dark days of fundamental fanaticism.

A TARGET OF BIAS

Even after independence KP continued to live on the bed of thorns. Despite being a citizen of a great democracy, he was looked with suspicious eyes and labelled as "Agent of India" & "Instruments of tyrrany". His devotion to the "Tricolour" made him doubtful and not to speak of treatment of "B" class citizen. He was treated as a soft target for bias in every sphere. He was put at the altar of tilted secularism & inbalanced balance of fundamental rights to the extent that he has had to bear the brunt of enroachment upon his means of sustenance even.

KP has always been under the yoke of favouritism - bias & above all crippled secularism the product of appeasement. Being peace loving, he never complained of injustice to him in every field for fifty years of independence, which gave him nothing but uncertanity. Still he loved his homeland; the home of his ancestors, who had sown the

seed and nursed the plant of Kashmiriat for thousands of years.

A STRAW IN WIND

Exodus of KP is not a new phenomenon in the last 700 years of their history, although their persecution limited to conversion had started earlier to that.

After independence certain members among intellectuals; professionals and intelligensia were, somehow, or the other, discontented & preferred to step out for recognition of their talent & capability. Later on most of the youth followed the footsteps of their predecessors for seeking livelyhood. None the less, a class of majority community was envious of Pandit youth going out for survival and emphasized it as a search for green pastures although the search was for bread & not-buttering it. This "Tryst with destiny" was simply for survival, which would otherwise get wasted under the yoke of diversified secularism.

TERRORISM AND EXODUS

Terrorism did not appear on the soil of Kashmir like fungus or wild hedge overnight. After being defeated in 1965 war, Pakistan hit upon the plan of insurgency and mobilizing youth against India-the enemy of Islam-and started to propagate fundamentalism. Whenever possbile, a force was launched to train youth in selective pockets and in a phased manner. These activities came to light when an organization by the name of "Alfatah" appeared on the scene as the first militant group of Islamic fundamentalists working on the behest of Pakistan. The activists of the group were held but the seed of subversion was sown and it continued to germinate hostility. None the less; Kashmiri Pandit took no notice of the alarm & rubbed it off with the notion that it was simply a cry in wilderness.

The infiltration & exflitration continued to boost the youth for Jehad (holy war) against infidels (Kafirs); the enemies of Islam. Thus Pandits have had to witness the dance of the demons of communal frenzy when they were humiliated & victimized in the South Kashmir in 1986 Their houses & places of worship were looted, damaged and put to torch. KP was aghast with terror but he did not imagine, that it was only the beginning of the drama yet to be played by the reborn Sikander Ali, Ifhakhar and Jabhar.

The final act of the play of wiping KP from the valley started in August 1988 when dozens of Pandit houses were set on fire, alarming Pandits that their days were numbered in the valley. The bugle of exodus was finally blown on Sep. 14th, 1989 followed next on Nov. 4th, 1989 with the tragic & brutal killings of Tika Lal Taploo and Nilkanth Ganjio. These killings were followed by ultimatums, to vacate the valley, both oral & written. Hit list were pasted on electric poles & a drive was launched for exodus of Pandits. The entire community was scared consequent upon kidnappings, killings, rapes, and other sorts of demonish acts by the so called Mujahids engaged in the holy war. All these heart rending events indicated that the devils in the garb of fundamental zealots were reborn to destroy the peace harmony and brotherhood of Kashmiris. How could a meek, humble & modest Pandit expect mercy from hungry wolves who butchered hundreds of innocent people within two or three months. Loudspeakers were fitted on the roofs of mosques and abandoned houses to alarm the Pandit with the threatening calls:-

"Eliminate the Kafir (Pandit) there & then by thrusting a dagger in his belly & clear the ground for Nizam-I-Mustaffa". Gruesome killings by blood thirsty hounds shook the roots of entire Pandit community in Kashmir, who have had made six thousand years history of brotherhood known as Kashmiriat. Having learnt that shrine of Shiekh Noor-u-Din & tombs of Badsha & Gojwari even had become the dens of arms for their annhilation, Kashmiri Pandits in thousands left behind everything to save their lives & honour of women folk. One shivers to hear the sad tales of young girls & old persons who had left behind their home and heart in darkness & walked long distances barefoot to catch conveyance for Jammu to seek refuge, where he was identified as migrant and not as refugees. What a sad end of Kashmirat which was buried by the descendents of those who had set examples of peace and love and human values built by Budsha & Gojwari.

A HOMELESS IN HOME

KP is a refugee in his own land by whatever name he may be called. He is homeless in his own home; which is the greatest democracy having opted for secularism and social justice. What a farce it is that a citizen dedicated to his mother land has been axed and uprooted ! He has lost everything; herth, home & health. He is oscillating by a thin untwisted thread of promises of normalcy and his return to his home. Whatever he had preserved out of ancestral property or raised by the sweat of his brow is either razed to the ground or is in shambles. He has lost his roots, he lives on doles; his all links are distanced; he is under the pressure of mental tension; physical ailments financial stringency and what not. He has been hounded out of his home.He has lost his berth in the valley; his future is bleak and sealed in the valley so far as the virus of appeasment of vote-banks continues to dye secularism in one or the other way.

The tall claims of peace and normalcy and promises of safe and honourabe return of Pandits to his home are hollow and even a slight-hint to this end turned futile and obscure when the brunt of massacre fell on the victims of Sangrampura and Wandhama very recently.

AN ARCHITECT OF FUTURE

KP as a community has to strive for survival & fix the goal for all high & low without being tempted by the bunch of grapes hanging on the sour vine of secularism & attracted by the promises made without nuts & bolts. KP shall have to survive to glorify the glorious past of the community. Despite all odds and ends he shall have to stand up on one platform to march on the bright path as shown by Rishis & Munis, who were forgotten by and large.

We have to determine our destination; row the boat with conscious hand, alert head and strong heart and thus regain the crown of heritage and culture of our ancestors to be a part of a living society as carved out by Sri Aurobindoo in the following lines :-

"Recover the Aryan thought, the Aryan discipline, the Aryan character, the Aryan life. Recover the Vedanta; the Gita, the Yoga".

"Recover them not only in intellect or sentiment but in your lives. Live them & you will be great & strong, mighty, invincible and fearless.

(The author is an eminent scholar)

कोबरा साँप का खत मैग्रन्ट कशमीरी पंडित के नाम (कहानी)

स्वर्गीय जगननाथ खैबरी

जय शंकर, जय वासुकी नाथ, जय शेश नाग, जय काली नाग, जय कोकर नाग

पंडित जी ! आप मुझसे बेहद नाराज़ होगें, ऐसा होना कुदरती बात है। मैं अभी तक यह न समझ सका कि आपको कैसे मनाऊँ। कुछ भी हो मैंने आपके जम्मू आने के बाद ही, जहां भी मोका मिला - कशमीरी पंडित मैग्रन्ट - बूढ़े, जवान, लड़की, लड़के यहाँ तक कि दूध पीते बच्चे तक को डस कर यमपुरी पहुँचा दिया - "I am very sorry". आप जानते हैं कि मेरा स्वभाव डसना है चुनाचि मैने अपनी प्रजा यानि बिच्छुओं, कन खजूरू, क्रेट सांपों, गुनस सांपों और छोटे साँपों को अर्लट कर दिया। मैंने मक्खियों, मकडियों, मच्छरों, खटमलों और तमाम कीडे मकोडे को चोकन्ना, व चौकस कर दिया। ताकि यह सब मख्लूक, जब भी उन्हें मोका मिले आपको डस काट लें। तंग करे, दिन का चेन ओर रात का आराम हराम करें। "I am very sorry".

मैंने बिलाशक पंडितों, यानी साँपों के दुश्मन इनसान ज़ात को डसा है। मैं बासुकी नाग से लेकर कशमीर के कुकर नाग तक की कस्में खाता हूँ। कुकर नाग इसलिये क्योंकि वहाँ के एक सर्वानन्द प्रेमी को गीता जी का तरजुमा करने पर इन्सान ने बेरहमी से कतल कर दिया। यह कतल होते देख कर मैंने पुक्ता इरादा कर लिया कि मैं भी कतल करने यानि, इन्सानों को डसने का शगुल खुले दिल से अपना लूँ। लेकिन मैंने और मेरी प्रजा ने डसने से आगे बढ़ने की मज़मत की।

मसलन आग लगाना, औरतों के साथ जब्रदस्ती करना, मकानात गिराना, पंडितों यानि इन्सानों की जायदादों को लूटना, मकानों की छतें दरवाजे, खिड़कियां, ईटं पत्थर गारा बदले जाना बंद हुआ। फैसला हुआ, कि जब कतल करके जनत की बादशाहत लेनी है, तो बाकी बर्बादियाँ मर्मरता और वैशीपन फज़ूल है। आप मुझ से इतफाक करेंगे, कतल करना आबरूरेज़ी, आँखें निकालने, बन्द बन्द अलग करने और ''पाक जिनांह'' करने से कई कई गुणा ठीक है।

एक फारसी शेर है ''नेहिश अक्रब केसअस्त'' यानि अक्रब बिच्छू की खस्लत डंक मारना है। ''मुरक्त साते ऐस अस्त'' मेरी यानी कोबरा साँप की भी खस्लत डसना है। हमें किसी हिन्दू और शहे इन्सान से बदला नहीं लेना। आम इन्सान से कोई रंजिश व मलाल नहीं। लेकिन तंग दिल इन्सान कतल करके स्वर्ग में किसी वहम के मुताबिक जाता है। साँप और बिच्छू ऐसा दकियानूसी फलसफा नहीं मानते। शंकर भगवान ने सारी दुनिया का जहर पी लिया । दुनिया में बाकी अमृत और आबेहयात रखा। इसीलिये उनका एक नाम नीलकंठ पडा । लेकिन धरती को खंडरात में बदलने वाला कशमीरी तंग दिल मुख्तलिफ नामों वाले इन्सानों और दूसरे मज़हबों की बेर्हुमती करता है। क्या मैं इस ज़ाहिल इन्सान से लाख गुणा ठीक नहीं? और मेरे कबीले की खूबी यह है कि मेरे डसने के बाद किसी भी डसे इन्सान को मेरे ही जिस्म का ज़हर दवाई की सूर्त में मिलने पर फिर से ज़िन्दगी मिलती है।

क्या यह मेरी कुर्बानी नहीं? मेरी इस कुर्बानी के लिये मुझे ज़नत नहीं बल्कि हिन्दुओं के स्वर्ग में जगह मिलनी चाहिये। मैं इन्सान नहीं, मुझे इस पर फकर है। मैंने पंडितों को इसलिये डसा था कि वह अपने बचाओ के लिये आइंदा चौकस हों।

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Kashmir : It's Treasures and Tragedies

B.K. Kaul

Kashmir has been the home-land of Kashmiri Pandits ever since its foundation by Kashap Rishi : aeons past.

Kashmir is world famous for its scenic beauty as well as for its ethical excellence, spiritual splendour and artistic wealth.

Kashmir is Nature's (Prakrti's) wonderful gift to the earth. The beautiful valley surrounded by a ring of mountains isolate it from adjoining territories. The endemic fauna & flora has also remained genetically isolated for several geological eras. The said isolation, not withstanding, some cultural incursions and inroads and genetic introductions have occasionally found their ways into otherwise hermetically sealed valley. Thus, giving rise to an interesting ecosystem where biospecies and types interbred to produce superior genotypes.

Bio-richness of Kashmir and genetic superiority of its inhabitants distinguishes it from several other areas of the world. This is borne by the fact that large number of foreign tourists visit the valley every season and every year for enjoying it's matchless beauty.

Ecological features and cultural catholicity of Kashmir made it unique in the world, may it be it's religious philosophies viz., Abinav Gupta's Monistic vedanta or Mahayana of Ladakhi Lamas or Sufism of Lal Ded & Nund Rishi or Christian gospel of Missionaries. Its arts and crafts; Linguistic adaptability and deftness; dress & decor; dances; flowers & fruits; folklore; festivals; cuisine; infact anything you name bears the bold Kashmiri impress of design and distinction: *aab-o-hawah* included.

A thing of beauty, no doubt, is a joy forever. But the tragedy of Kashmir is that powerful individuals or groups crave to possess it as their own private property : a jagir. Its history is replete with such forays. Beginning with RENCANA (1320 A.D.); SULTAN SIKANDAR (1389); MOSSA RANA (1470); ATTA MOHAMED KHAN, an Afghan Governor and his cohort; their legendary lust is etched in the annals as the most ruthless rule; destruction, repression and vandalism were their distinctive domineering characteristics.

The hallmark of civilization is it's symbiotic (live and let live) trait. The conspicuous character of Kashmiri people has been an eclectic nature. Diverse religious philosophies have intermingled with each other several centuries to produce a special syncretic Kashmiri culture. Barring sporadic outside intrusions (during the current millennium) Kashmir has enjoyed an enviable reign of amity, peace and tranquility in earlier millenniums and also till 80s of this century. Everyone of us knows it full well in our hearts that our relationships with our majority Muslim brethren in the valley were very cordial rather more cordial than with people living outside valley.

The most unfortunate part of our history has been that sons of its soil living in-or-outside the valley have often played treacherous roles. History is a mute witness to this series of sordid developments taking place in Kashmir. Without enumerating those unwise ugly episodes here it may not be out of place to mention that New Delhi; ever since October, 1947; when the valley was raided by the Tribals from across the borders; has consistently displayed an approach that lacks tact and tenacity.

ISI of Pakistan is waging a proxy war (code-named TOPAC) for the last one decade

or so in the state of Jammu & Kashmir. India has not been able to contain or curtail the terrorism sponsored covertly or overtly by Pakistan, its parton(s) and friends. Casual or nonchalant attitude of Indian polity towards this national problem of serious dimensions is eating into the vitals of our Union's security and sovereignty. India's foreign policy, as our ill luck would have it, remains very badly afflicted and involved with the internal compulsions of appeasement and mainpulation of decisive Vote banks for the sake of remaining in power.

Unilateral policy pronouncements; phoney unrealistic accords and agreements that never worked rather, not even regarded to-day; prevailing positions of strength for settling festering national problems frittered away; woeful lack of will to exercise the options open to a sovereign nation to combat across the border infiltrations; not even caring to focus or project the ground realities obtaining in the country for the fear lest the revelations alienate the Vote-banks or vested interest groups within the country or outside; last but not the least letting the adversaries to internationalize our internal issues; are the some salient features of our national policy programming and implementations from the very first day of gaining our independence. In fact there is no clear-cut determined national policy of aims and objectives vis-a-vis the troubles created along our borders by our near or distant neighbours. It is indeed a pathetic case of fossilised mindset of forging and fostering vicarious communal harmony against the surging torrents of common-interest alignments and alliances. We still keep on harping upon interfaith amity and peace when there is no let-up in the ethnic cleansing first started on 19th January, 1990, in the valley; which is now speading to the other parts of the state. We fight shy of calling spade a spade and tenaciously hold on to moralistic ideals which are no longer valued by nations in international fora. What is cherished and pursued by individual states or organisation of countries or blocks is their own vital national interests. None of them sacrifices their own national interests much least at the cost of their own people.

What is the need of the hour is to realise our own national vital interests and to safeguard them from the vicissitudes of narrow parochial interests of other nations. It is evident that vociferous voices in the country are pursuing individual or group interests which are diametrically opposed to our national interests. Under the garb of high sounding ideals of Democracy. Secularism and Socialism, political outfits or splinter groups are vying with each other in promoting and establishing local regional power bases. And these parties work against the national goals of providing sociopolitical and economic freedom and independence for one billion people. Let us hope that better sense prevails on our leaders and that they rise above their pettiness and shun pettifogging politics. Our tragedy has been that India has remained under foreign rule for nearly one thousand years. Perhaps no other country in the world has been subjugated to such a long continous period of slavery. Fifty years of independence, it seems, has not been a sufficient duration to rid ourselves of the fostered deceptive and divisive tendencies. India is the oldest civilization on the globe and is bound to bounce back to its pristine glory in another couple of decades. And it shall play its rightful role of guiding and serving humanity towards achieving higher goals of peace, health and prosperity for one and all.

Serve Bhavante Sukhna - Amen !

(Author : is a retd. Prof. & Head of the Department, Udaipur Univ., Rajasthan)

KASHMIR, THE LEGEND IT IS - SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS

By V.K. Raina

Kashmir-Kasheer as it is known in the local dialect-has a history of legends: be it the culture; civilisation and for that matter of fact, the very origin of the land. Most of the legends, as the legends go, are, often, far fetched from the ground reality. A few, though, do make one's eye brow's to rise, for these reveal a keen sense of observation of very high intellect.

Nilmat Purana (stanza 12 & 13), tells us:

यवै देवी उमा सवै कश्मीर नृपसत्तम । आसीत सर: पूर्णजलं सुरम्यं सुमनोहरम।

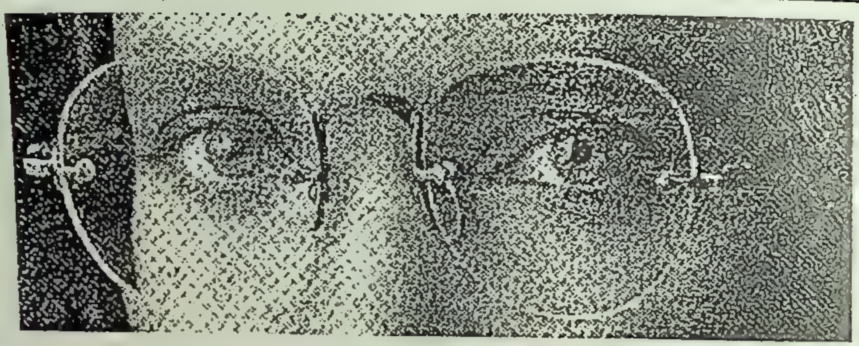
कल्पारम्य प्रचीत यत पुरा मन्वन्तरानी षट। अस्मिन् मन्वन्तरे जातं विषयं सुमनोहरम।।

Vaisampayana, while explaining to Janamejaya, states, "O, best amongst the kings, the goddess Uma is the same as Kasmira. What was formely, an enjoyable, heart enrapturing lake for six Manvantaras, since the beginning of the Kalpa, became a beautiful territory in this Manvantara" (Ved Kumari)

Ancient Hindu Philosophers had an expansive view of time and had recognised the cyclic nature of the events.

According to Suryasiddhanta, the rate of precession of the equinoxes is 54" per year. The equinoctial points are stated to precess 27° to the east, then 54° to the west and, then 27° to the east again completting an oscillation in 7200 years. There are 600 oscillations in one Mahayuga with duration of 4.32 million years. One Mahayuga is a cycle of four Yugas, hence often called Chaturyaga, namely: Krita; Treta; Dwapara and Kali in succession. 71 Mahayugas give rise to one Manvantara of 300 millions years plus. 14 Manvantaras plus the interval period between Manvantaras form one Kalpa which covers a time period of 4,320 millions years. It is indeed remarkable that the ancient Hindu philosopher, many a millennia ago had suggestted that the present planetary position of the Solar system, is one Kalpa-fifth Kalpa of the cycle of seven Kalpas. In other words the age of the present Solar system, which includes the planet earth is 4,320 millions years. We know today, by utilising the latest geochronology techniques, that the oldest rock, on the planet earth, discovered till date is as old as 4,200 million years. A remarkable scientific observation rather calculation of high precession made by our ancestor. Incidentally, the oldest rock found, till date, in the Indian plate is only 3,800 million years old.

Himalayas, of which Kashmir vale is a part, was once a vast sea till upto about 60 million years back. The Indian plate inclusive of this vast sea, about 120 million years back, was situated close to the present 60° south latitude, and was in conjunction with the Antarctic, Australian, South American and the Africa plate. Having got disjointed, under the plate tectonic movement, the Indian plate started gradually moving northward and arrived in the vicinity of the present location some where 50 to 60 millions years back. With the uplift of the Himalayan mountain chain, infact just prior to it, as the youngest marine rocks exposed in the Kashmir valley are that of the Jurassic age of about 80 million years, Kashmir valley had become a landmass. It continued to be so till upto the beginning of the Pleistocene ice age-5 million years - when the major part of the valley



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became a vast lake/ swamp. Surrounding mountain slopes exhibited dense foliage of shrubs and trees. A paradise for animal life. We have fossil evidence to indicate that elephants, rhinoceros, giraffe, modern horse, bovines and deer roamed through this valley in abundance. This should normally have been a great temptation for the nomadic tribes from the plains to migrate to this paradise.

When did the man first make its appearance in this vale? While it was still a lake or later?

Legend tells us that it was Rishi Kashypa who claimed this land of vale of Kashmir by draining the waters of the lake-at Baramula hence the name Kashyp's Mar. Present name being the corruption of the word. Nilmat Purana gives two connotations, also linked with Kashypa.

कः प्रजापतिर्निर्दिष्टः कश्यपश्च प्रजापतिः।

तेनेव निर्मित देशं कश्मीराख्यं भविष्यति।। (226)

"Prajapati is called Ka, and Kashypa is also Prajapati, built by him this country will be called Kasmira."

कं वारि हलिना यस्माद्देशादस्मादपा कृतम।

कश्मीराख्य ततोप्यस्य लोके नाम भविष्यति: (227)

"Because water called Ka was taken out by Balarama (the plough wielder) from the country, so this will be called Kasmira in this world."

Geologists tell us that the Karewa group of sediments (Wudars in Kashmiri dialect), and the overlying alluvial cover of recent age, represent a time period of about four million years, one Mahayuga of the Hindu calendar. The upper most loamy soil which was deposited after the ice cover had withdrawn, an indicator of warmer climate, represents a time span of 30,000 years. The oldest stone implements, evidence to the existence of man, found, till date, in Kashmir valley are those of the Pampor area. These have been generically identified to represent a Mesolithic or Proto Neolithic culture. It does indeed seem strange that the Paleolithic man which made its appearance in the plains of the Punjab, south of the Pir Panjal Range, as early as Middle Pleistocene, should have arrived in the Kashmir valley, where abundance of fauna and flora was available, much later. The possible explanation is the ice covered nature of the vale as well as the intervening mountain range. Only at the end of the ice age when the valley was free of the ice cover, and the approaches across the mountain range had relatively become easier, i.e. in the beginning of the Post Pleistocene-about 100,000 years back-the man migrated to this valley.

Geological history of the Karewa tell us,that a huge lake had formed covering a major part of, what is today, the Kashmir valley, obviously by blocking the course of the Vitasta. And this lake, with tectonic ups and downs, survived for about four million years. What let to the bursting of this dam? Had man arrived in the valley then? Towards the end of the Pleistocene era, with the continuous uplift of the Pir Panjal Range, the lake waters had shifted east and northward and were being drained out through the Baramula gap. It could be that the Vitasta was an antecedent drainage, like Indus, Brahamputra and Sutlej

and kept up the gorge development along with the uplift of the Pir Panjal Range. It could be.

Nilmat Purana tells us that the Rishi Kashypa invoked the help of the Gods to drain the waters of this lake.

ऐंव ते विविशुः शैले ततो देवो जर्नादनः ।

अनन्तमाह धर्मात्मा वद्यार्थ दानवस्य तु ।। (171)

"Thus they entered the mountain. Then the pious minded god Janardhana, with a view to kill the demon, said to Anantha."

कुरूष्व लाङगलेन त्वं विदायद्धि हिमालयम।

इदं सरोवरं दिव्यं निम्तोयं शीघ्रमेव तु ।। (172)

"Breaking forth Himalayas today with the plough, make soon this lake devoid of water."

विदारिते पर्वतराजराजे, विनिर्ययो तज्जलमाशु वेगात।

वेगेन शब्देन च सर्वभूतान, सन्त्रासयान कुटिलैस्तरङगै।

हिमाचलाभै गर्गनं स्पृशदभिः सप्लावयांन गिरिमस्तकानी।। (175 - 176)

"When the king of the best mountains had been broken, the waters flowed forth hurriedly with force terrifying all the beings with it's violent rush and sound and overflowing the tops of the mountains with curved waves like Himalayas touching the sky."

An interesting observation. Description of the lake burst is so vivid that only an eye witness to such a catastrophe could have described it so. Question, however, airses is that the lake- we know geologically today- had either decicated or drained away by the early Post Pleistocene era about 100,000 years back, when the early man may just have made it's appearance in the valley. Hence Kashypa could not have been a witness to this event.

Nilmat Purana tells us that it was Nila who invited Kashypa to come to the valley. This means that the humans had already settled in the valley. Further, Kashypa, when he arrived in the valley is reported to have exclaimed:

उत्तीर्य च महाभागां विपाशां पापनाशिनीम।

दृष्टवान् सकलं देशं तदा शुन्यं स कश्यपः ।। (138)

"Having crossed the illustrious and sin-destroying Vipasa (Beas) Kashypa saw the whole country desolate at that time."

दृष्टवा स मद्रविषयं शुन्यं प्रोवाच पन्नगम्।

किमथ नील देशोत्यं मद्राणे शून्यात गतः।।

रमणीय सदैवैष दुभिक्षपापवर्जित।

नित्यं धान्यधनोपेतम्तन्ममाचक्ष्व पृच्छतः ।। (140)

"Seeing the country of the Madras as desolate, he (Kashypa) spoke to the Naga, O Nila tell me the inquirer- as to why this country of the Madras has been deserted? This has always been charming, devoid of calamity of famine and full of wealth of grains."

Archeological studies at Burzhoma and Sinthan have revealed that the humans of that era were cultivating wheat, barley and pulses, as the grains of the same have been recovered from these sites. This evidence and the very mention of the wealth of grain by Kashypa would mean that Kashypa entered the valley much after the Burzhoma culture which is dated at 5000 years. He could not thus have been a witness to an event which the geologists tell us took place 100,000 years back. Kashypa mentions the desolate nature and the subsequent lake burst? Desolate nature could be explained by the possible recurring of the glaciation in the post Pleistocene era. Evidence has come forth to suggest the fact that interstadial period of relatively cooler climate, over a short period of time, may have intervened during the present warmer interglacial period. Pollen studies of the Anchar Bog profile, with an antiquity of over 6000 years have revealed the inset of colder conditions midway, i.e. after the cerealia type of pollens which appear at 4000 BC. A glacial advance may have thus occured after the agricultural civilisation had taken root in the valley. Retreat of this glaciation-undoubtedly of a very short duration- would have exposed a vast area of outwash plains covered by morainal material and fluvioglacial sediments, which we know exhibits a devastating and desolate appearance.

Advancing ice beds/ glaciers could have blocked the river course, to, once again, give rise to the lake. Entrapped water level with the melting of the ice could have risen to over flow the earlier gap and reactivate the same which led to the draining of the waters, helped by the activation of an already existing fracture zone, or may be headward erosion led to river capture.

Nilmat Purana tells us that even after Kashypa had drained the waters of this lake, humans were living in the valley only for the summer months. With the advent of winter season the people would migrate to the plains along with their agricultural produce. This contined for aeons till the climate became warmer.

नीलोक्त वचन कुर्वन्तन. प्रभृनि जनः। उवास सततं हृष्टः कश्मीरायां कृतालयः (381)

"Since then human beings..........lived happily in Kashmira after constructing houses there."

कृत्वा पुराणी ग्रामीण नीर्थान्याय तनानि च।

गृहणि च विचित्राणि हा, व्रास वसनि जनः ।। (382)

"Having constructed various sorts of houses, sacred places, villages and cities, the people lived in that dwelling place."

नन प्रभृनि देशेऽस्मिन् स्वल्पहि पतने हिमम। (383)

"Since then very little snow falls in the country............"

The permanent settlement in the valley apparantly took place only after the climate had become less cold. By that time the people in the plains had obtained a high degree of political and religious maturity.

We may have been able to explain, rationally, as to when Kashypa could have

arrived in the valley. What is still alluding us is? Had the human settlements begun immediately after the original lake had been drained. Or did the ancestors of the Proto Neolithic culture arrive in this valley when it was still a lake. i.e. just prior to the bursting. Did the draining out of the original lake take place when the settlement had already started? Uplift of the Pir Panjal Ranges towards the end of the Pleistocene is an established fact This led to the exposure and the development of both aggradational and degradational terraces on the northern slopes of the Pir Panjal range. Had humans settled over these terraces when the final burst out of the lake took place? Were they witness to the event? Did the occurrence of this event become a folklore which was passed down the ages from word to mouth, till it got enshrined in the pages of Nilmat Purana. Does the legend tell us the factual story, understandably corrupted, over the millennia after millennia of word to mouth culture. Or does the Purana refer to a recurrence of the event, on a much smaller scale, in relatively much recent times, say about 2000 to 3000 years back which was witnessed by the people of the Kashypa era.

Armed with most modern dating technology, we know today that Karewa group of sediments-period of the lacustrine nature of the valley-covered an epoch of four million years and plus- one Mahayuga of the Hindu calender and not one Manvantara Had our ancestor originally mentioned one Mahayuga which, with the time, got corrupted to a Manavantara, as the lagends usually do. Be that as it may, one can not but appreciate the very concept of the logical interpretation, dating and classifying an entire sequence of sediments three to four millennia ago when similar observations in the western world had not even been thought of. So what, if the dates are not accurate. Historians have given credit to Kalhana, for having written the ancient history of Kashmir, and for being, probably the oldest historian of the Indian sub-continent. It is a pity though, no credit has been given to our ancestors for having, not only, understood the fluvioglacial cum lacustrine origin of the sediments forming the vale of Kashmir, but also for having given a geochronological age to the same.

(Sh. V.K. Raina is the ex-Deputy Director General of the Geological Survey of India)

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कर्मयोग

स्वामी रामानन्द सरस्वती

स्वामी विवेकानंद कहते हैं "प्रत्येक आत्मा अन्यत ब्रह्म है और जीवन का उद्देश्य इस अत्यक ब्रह्मत्व का क्षण प्रति क्षण व्यक्त करना है"। चाहे इसे कार्य के द्वारा किया जाये या पूजा के द्वारा या ज्ञान के द्वारा या आत्म संयम के द्वारा।

जब तक हम अपने वास्तविक स्वरूप को नहीं जान जाते हमारी मुक्ति नहीं होगी और हम इस जन्म मरण के चक्करों में फंसे रहेंगे।

मुक्त होने के लिये हमारे पास चार रास्ते है । बुद्धि के द्वारा जिन लोगों के पास तीक्ष्ण बुद्धि है। वो इस रास्ते को चुन सकते हैं, दूसरे लोग जो स्वभाव से भावुक भावनाओं को परिस्कृत करके मुक्त हो सकते हैं, जिन लोगों के पास आत्म संयम है वो आत्म संयम के द्वारा दृढ नियम के द्वारा और जो शारीरिक रूप से मजबूत हैं। वे सेवा के द्वारा इस मुक्ति के मार्ग में अग्रसर हो सकते हैं।

इनको हम क्रमशः ज्ञान योग, भक्ति योग राजयोग और कर्मयोग कह सकते है।

हमारे क्रिया कलाप चाहे वो सोना हो या खाना हो चाहे हमारा कार्य करना हो या हमारा धन्‍ा करना हो कहने का अर्थ है चाहे जो भी आप कार्य करें किस तरह से भी करें कि वह आध्यात्मिक हो जाये हमारे अन्दर पवित्रता लाने वाला हो जाये। हमारी पूजा बन जाये तभी वास्तव में भारतीय हैं तभी हम वास्तव में आर्य कहलाने के लायक हैं। भगवान कृष्ण कहते हैं योगः कर्मशु कौशलम जब आपका कर्म अकर्म हो जाये तो वह कर्म फिर आपके पवित्रता लाने वाला होता है। फिर वह कर्म पूजा बन जाता है। चाहे वह कर्म कुछ भी हो और किसी भी अवस्था में किया गया हो।

थोड़ा विस्तार से देखेंगे कि कर्म को कैसे अकर्म में परिवर्तित किया जाये।

अकर्म का अर्थ है वह कार्य जिसका कोई आपके ऊपर संस्कार न बने, जिसका आपके ऊपर कोई प्रभाव न हो, जिसके परिणाम से आप बंधे नहीं। वह कार्य जो आपकी पसन्द नापसन्द से ऊपर हो। यह तो हुई अकर्म की परिभाषा। अब बात आती है कि इसे व्यवहार में कैसे लाया जाये? किसी भी कार्य को करने के लिये कर्ता की आवश्यकता होती है। अगर आप ऐसे कोई भी कार्य करने में समर्थ हो जाते हैं जो कर्ता रहित हो, तो वह अपने आप अकर्म हो जाता है। अब कर्ता क्या है? कर्ता है भूतकाल या यादें या संस्कार या पिछले कार्यो के अनुभव। अगर आप कार्य वर्तमान में करें। वर्तमान से मतलब है बिना आशा के बिना वासना तो वहां कर्ता रहता ही नहीं है। कर्ता हमेशा या भूत या भविष्य काल में रहता है। वर्तमान में कर्ता रहता ही नहीं है। कर्ता का अस्तित्व में लाने का श्रेय पसन्द या नापसन्द को जाता है। अगर आप कोई भी कार्य करें जो आपको पसन्द और नापसन्द से ऊपर हो तो फिर वह कार्य आपके मन में कोई जगह नहीं बना पायेगा और वह कार्य करके भी नहीं करने जैसा हो जायेगा।

कर्म को अकर्म करने के लिये समता बहुत जरूरी है अगर जीवन में समता आ जाये तो समझ लीजिये आप मुक्त हो गये क्योंकि समता में कर्ता नहीं रहता।

योगी अरविन्द जब जेल में थे तो असहनीय दण्ड और वेदना सहना पड़ रही थी पर गीता के

श्लोक ने उनको अराहनीय दण्ड को नगण्य कर दिया बल्कि वह दण्ड में भी भगवान कृष्ण को देख सके उनके लिये जेल कृष्ण भूमि हो गयी और तो और सभी कुछ बल्कि वह दण्ड में भी भगवान कृष्ण को देख सके उनके लिये जेल कृष्ण भूमि हो गयी और तो और सभी कुछ सीख कम्बल, थाली सभी कृष्ण हो गये।

वे श्लोक हैं कर्मण्ये वाधिकारस्ते मां फलेशु कदाचन

मां कर्मफल हेर्तुभु मां ते संगोस्त्वकर्मणि

और दूसरा श्लोक

समः शत्रौ च मित्रे च तथा मानापमानयो शीतोष्ण सुख दुखेसु सम संगविवर्जितः

कर्म करो और – फल की इच्छा मत करो, आपका कर्म करने में ही अधिकार है फल में नहीं।

मित्र और शत्रु में समभाव, मान और अपमान में समभाव, सर्दी और गर्मी में समभाव समता से या समभाव आने से आसक्ति नहीं रहती। आसक्ति नहीं रहने से संस्कार नहीं पड़ते और फलस्वरूप कर्म अकर्म हो जाता है।

कविता

एक विस्थापित की व्यथा

हम वतन से बेवतन क्या हुये,
कि तमाम रिश्ते जलाये वतन हुये।।
जीते थे जिन्हें सीने से लगा कर,
उन्हें देखने की चाह भी मर गई है।।
अपनो का जीना मरना भी आज,
एक मुश्किल मराहल सा हो गया है।।
खुशियाँ जो हम एक साथ मनाते थे,
फासलों की दूरियाँ देख उनसे कतराते हैं।।
मौत का मर्सिया भी बेमाने हुआ है,
हम तन्हा बैठे 'हिया' गम के आँसू पीते हैं।।

'हिया' कशमीरी

क्या अजब एहतमाम यह आदम का है,
कहीं पर अशरफियों की बारिश बरसती है
और कहीं लाशें जनाजों को तरसती हैं।

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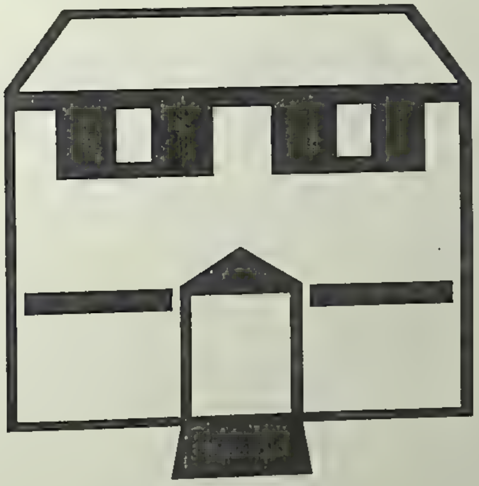

Kashmiri Pandit Sabha
JAMMU (Tawi)

Sector 22, Chandigarh

CRISIS OF IDENTITY

BY DAYA KISHAN KACHRU

It is a true story, not dated,but only a few days old. Its locale is Pamposh Enclave in New Delhi, the largest settlement of Kashmiris in the Capital. A few lovers of the Community - all, like me, past the Biblical span of three score & ten - were having a sombre discussion. The subject was the loss of the Kashmiri identity.

It was said that not many children in the Enclave spoke Kashmiri. They knew almost nothing of Kashmir. The rituals & customs that were woven into the texture of our social & cultural life had partically been forgotten by many, the majority. There was no social life as such Nor again the neighbourly contacts & intimacies that we cherished in the valley. The "Varbal" morning chats & the evening talks from "dub" to "dub", were no more. The Kashmiri identity was either lost or altogether dimmed & watered down. To-day in the Kashmiri world at large old values had become tinsel. Marriage was no longer a sacrament to us all. Out-of-caste matrimonial links has ceased to be uncommon. Divorce had become an accepted fact of life for many. Age had ceased to be a factor that won respect. The joint family had yielded place to the nuclear family. And so the list went on and on: depressingly so. The over-all picture thus painted was one of utter despondency & gloom : the virtual loss of the chrished identity of the Kashmiris. The gloomy survey took no other factors into account. It also over-looked the fact that we are living now in a sea of change & not a Sargossa of stillness.

I requested a halt to this over-flowing tirade of pessimism. I took my friends down the memory lane to the early thirties in the valley of Kashmir. I recalled how the "taranga", the "pooch"' the "zooj", the "loongi" and the "pheran" of ancient vintage had all been discarded at the soul-stirring outpourings of the then darling of the Kashmiris - Pandit Kashyap Bandhu. The sari and the dhoti had replaced these. The Kashmiri girls, who were almost prisoners of the purdah, started joining school & college. The very outlook of many underwent a sea-change. The old marks of identity were gone. Widow remarriage to todays youth a ludicrous subject for discussion, was in our younger days, a most explosive subject. The moorings we knew had ceased to exist. The World we were born in was no longer the same. I mentioned what had happened to the thousands of Kashmiris who had left the valley of the gods over the centuries. They too lost theri "taranga", the "pooch", "Zooj", the "loongi" & the "pheran". They also forgot their mother tongue. Their identity was modified according to the needs & the demands of the times. It was not lost. It only had a re-birth in a different form to ensure survival in a different & a changed context. This was so when changes came only with a breeze. Today these are part of the blzarrds that blow all over.

The Kashmiris who decended on the plains of Northern India before the partition of the country & in the last three centuries or so became masters of adjustment & adaptation. They converted theri struggle for survival into a song & a saga, the trials & the tribulations not-withstanding. This has to be the outlook now also. The world around us has undergone more changes during the last fifty years than in as many preceding cenuries. The young Kashmiri of today has not left his mountain home only for the plains mainly of Northern

India. He is to be found now in most parts of the world; in Australia, in New Zealand, in USA, in Canada, in U.K., in the rest of Europe, in the middle East, et-al. To expect such migrants not to throw off the more that hinder & hamper their growth & progress in theise far-flung areas & in altogether different contexts is neither realistic nor just. Their needs must conform to the environment & the context in which they are placed. Not to do so would spell disaster for them in a terribly competitive world. Once on their feet, they are bound to get together & project & protect the Kashmiri values that they cherish & find possible to nuture & nourish. They have already formed their associations in U.K., USA & elsewhere to nourish & foster a sense of identity amongst themselves. This identity may not & cannot conform to our old encrusted ideas on the subject. It is bound to have local variations & variegated hues. The march of the whirling changes can neither be stayed nor stemmed. To survive one has to keep & march in step. All things must change in a changing world- these may give us a jolt, but they have to be adjudged in their proper context & not allowed to be so constructed as to give ourselves avoidable shocks at the fast moving procession of inevitable transformations in the surrounding world of whirling & mindboggling changes.

Sentiments have their own value in life, but these should not be allowed to deteriorate into a cloying break. Change is the global phenomenon of today. Let us all welcome it & meet it half way, lest we are obliterated altogether. The conception of retention of identity need not be the same for us all. There can be honest variations of approach. A distinguished countryman, one of Kashmiri origin, was approached by a friend about five years ago in Delhi with a request to agree to become a patron of the Kashmiri Education Society. I learnt later, that he had politely declined. A few weeks therafter I happened to come across the gentleman at the India International Centre here. I mentioned this matter to him. He gave a beautiful reply in its own way though many may not agree with it. But need not necessarily quarrel about it either. Dr. H.N. Kunzru, on the other hand a great Indian indeed was proud of his ancestry & deeply interested in the land of is fore-fathers. Nobody could possibly have been a greater lover of Kashmir & its culture than this great Indian whose ancestors had migrated to Agra from the village of Kunzur near Tang-Marg centuries ago. A rainbow has many colours. Each colour has its own beauty & its own appeal.

Change and Kashmiriat need not necessarily be antonyms. They can move hand in hand in a different garb, at a different pace, for we cannot afford to forget that change is the very law of life & creation. We can resist it only at our peril. The essence - and opinions are bound to differ as to what consititutes the essence-has to be preserved. Let us therefore shed at least some of our pessimism and give our benediction in abundant measure to the youth of today who have tougher battles to fight than we, in our days, ever dreamt of.

Look around & afar & survey the scene. The achievements of our youth, both young men & young ladies, in various & varried walks of life the world over cannot but be a source of pride to us all. They have also to be the torch bearers of Kashmiri's ancient, hoary & humanistic culture & maintain their identity to the extent possible in the circumstances in which they find themselves. They surely are not unaware of this.

Long live the many-textured variations of Kashmiriat !

(Reproduced with the explicit permission of the author)

GUDRUON

HAPLESS HAPPENING

By : M.L. Saqui

Original Kashmiri Poem of 43 lines reflective of the Migrant poet's humainistic patriotism.

Translated by P.N. Razdan
Oh yea excited tiny Gill,
How has thee strayed this way ?
What has brought thee;
Into this burning desert ?
Lest thy soft Pashmina plumage gets scorched in blazing heat.
Delicate like narcisus that thou art, How dare thee bare this blazing heat Deserted,
Orphaned, forlorn and desperate sure here too, wouldn't thee be isolated like us.
Fly thee back
Spread thy wings, flutter thee off.
Waste no time and,
Rebuild thy nest underneath this rock,
Covered with thorny bushes and shady shrubs;
On the edges of an isolatd Marg.
Yes - Quick silver - mobility that thou possesseth
Thou soareth and over soareth, under the blue skies of
The Paradise Valley.
How reckless hath thou been
To slight here in this

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Dreary, Dazzling plains :
Only to melt like we
In this scorching heat !
Tell me O, Gill tell me, why
Hast thee sought protection
As a migrant refugee
In this thy own motherland ?
What can I tell thee
What passeth on me :
My heart acheth and burnth ;
I am dumbfounded and mute,
My eyes dazzleth blind.
Piercing scenes of reminisences
Sieveth my bosom (heart) !
Hurry up, Hasten back, hasten back oh Gill,
Hasten back and,
Relax there amongst cool paddy fields.
Reaching there, perch on an apple tree
Laiden with pinkish - white, umbro fruit and,
Breathe thee there, thy healing balm on
These, that may still be reeling there :
The lillies and tulips there, may be hued in
catching crimson and purple red,
Fragrant roses may be smiling in Shalimar Garden.
Thou sweating, shivering, panicky ------- Gill,
Our tongues get parched with thirst.
Times are not opportune to
Open our hearts in speech
Don't ye mourn our hapless migrant life,
But---------
Console our stunned, brotherly neighbours there
with thy melodious songs from above :
Like me, thou are not forlorn excommunicated :
Like us, thy neck is not drawn into the loop of the hanging noose,
Awaiting the hangman !
Flocks of pigeons have flown back :
Spread thy wings, flee off yoo, and
Give a healing touch to my Kith and Kin,
Friends and foes alike :
Shunning tumultuous towns and populous cities,
Stealthily fly late in darknese and,
Take shelter under shady Chinars and pine thickets,
Gorgeous tulips, wearing mourning badges,
Bedeck the golden aura of

waving fields of wheat.
O. Ye sweating. shivering panicky Gill
If there, by chance. thou passeth by
My village,
Perch on my Zoonadub and,
Cast a slanting glance
Into my compound and,
See, if my lovely, frisking calf
Still continues to run and jump
As merrily as here-to-fore and,
If thee sighteth any one
Leaning against the walls of my country house,
Fly thee there, over his head and,
Convey ye to him, my
Blessings and good wishes, for
Happy healthy and prosperous life !
O. Ye sweating. shivering. panicky Gill,
Had I been a bird like thee,
Why should I have plunged into
This boiling cauldron ?
I would have flown into hiding
In dizzy heights, in seclusion;
I would have soared out of sight of
Hawkish, fiendish eyes, and
Laid down to sleep,
Would I, underneath a rock
To escape the wrath of changing climes !
I would sleep and sleep and sleep there,
For long.
O. Ye sweating. shivering. panicky Gill.
Thou art fortunate and.
Too lucky for fateless fury of times !
But I. and I and I ----------
Have to bear the brunt of fate and reap
The fruits of past actions.
of Karma. And Yet.
Docile submission to Karma is
In the nature of the timid. But
The Brave. with faith in God,
Arise and awake to
Re-construct the destruction.

कविता

उजाले की ओर

ऐ मेरे शहरे जनत,
तेरे माजी के चिराग की
पाकीज़ा लौ आज भी,
इस दहश्ते नन्जुम में जल रही है।
एक टिमटिमाते जुगनु की
तरह, झिपझिप के कहती है।
अभी तेरे प्यारो अमन की
मशाल पूरी तरह बुझी नहीं है।
वह नन्हीं सी किरण,
जुल्म की घटाओं को चीरती हुई
तेरे सामने खड़ी तुमसे
एक अहम सा सवाल पूछती है।
बता किस की नापाक नज़र
तेरे पाक दामन को छू गई है।
क्यों भूल चुके हो
अपने सुनहरे कल को आज?
क्यों इस बिहश्त को
दोज़क में बदल रहे हो?
गैरों की निगाह तो तेरे
वजूद से ही तुझे पे टिक्की रही,
बहुत से रंग बदले तूने
अनेकों पैरहन पहने तूने,
मगर कभी अपनी
इफनिदा की ज़मीर को नहीं भूले
ऋषि, मुनियों और फकीरों
की बसाई बसती में सदा।
वही अलम, वही असूल
वही मर्यादा वही शराफत जताई,
जो कश्यप ने एक सर को,
रहगुजर बनाकर रचाई थी।
यहाँ कितने सफीरों,
हमलावरों और हमर्ददों ने आकर,

हमसे नाता जोड़ा,
और हमारे ही रंग में रंग गये।
सूफी इज़म, और शैव इज़म
की इफतिदा इसी सर जमीन पे हुई,
अंतराल में यहाँ फहयान,
कनिष्क, अभिनव गुप्त, और मिहीर भी आये,
फिर भी यहां हम
खलूस, प्यार, और इज्जत से जीते रहे।

यह वह जनत था जहाँ,
खेतों में सर नहीं कटा करते थे,
यह वह जनत था जहाँ,
खानदानों के झगड़े कतल से मिटते नहीं
यह वह जनत था जहाँ
औरत जिंदा जलाई नहीं जाती।
यह वह जनत था जहाँ,
औरत को इंसान का र्दजा है।
यहाँ बन्दुवा मज़दूरी,
और देवदासी जैसा नासूर पनपता नहीं।
यह वह जनत था,
जहाँ लोग घास की खपरेलों मैं,
ओर टाठ की रिस्ती
झोंपड़ियों, में दिन रात बसर करते नहीं
यहां लोगों को दो वक्त
की रोटी झूठन से उठानी पड़ती नहीं।
यहाँ माये और बहनें
अपनी लाज को नंगा करती नहीं,
यहाँ के नन्हें से फूल
सड़कों और गलियों में लावारिस फिरते नहीं।

यह वह जनत था जहां
की हर मस्जिद की तामीर
किसी न किसी मन्दिर
की नींव पर ही हुई है।
फिर भी यहां राम जन्म
भूमी या बाबरी जैसे मस्ले पनपते नहीं थे

यहां के मुस्लमान पक्के मुस्लमान थे मगर,
कभी अपने हिन्दू रिश्तों को नकारते नहीं
वे भी दर, कौल, बट, रैना, पंडित कहलाते हैं।
यह तो स्कूनों, खलूस और इबादत का घर था
खून खराबा, हैवानगी
इस जनत के लोगों का कौल न था।

यह क्या हो गया है आज
तेरे लोगों को मेरे शहरे जनत
क्यों इनसानियत भूल,
आज इन्सान से हैवान हो गये हैं
शायद इसकी खुशहाली
ओरों को रास नहीं आई
जो गुमराह कर गये
इसके बाशिन्दों को हस कदर।
यह आज़ादी की पुकार
वाजिब थी, अगर कोई शहँशाह
कोई लेनिन, स्टालिन, हिटलर
इस पर राज्य करता होता
यह वाजिब थी
अगर, मस्जिद की आजान और मंदिर,
गिरजा, गुरूदवारों
की पुकार पर कोई रोक होती।
यह आजादी किससे चाहिये?
चंद चुने प्रतिनिधियों से
जिन्हें हम कागज के
टुकड़ों पर मोहर लगाने से बना सकते हैं
इसीलिये यह कतलोगारत
यह हैवानी यह बबादिये वतन।
बन्द करो इसे,
अपने सोये ज़मीर को जगाओ
इन्सान होकर
इन्सानियत की जिंदगी गुजारो
अपने पुरखों की
तामीर को फिर से संभालो सुधारो।

यूँ चन्द खुदगर्ज
लोगों के नारों पर बिकना छोड़ दो
वह खुद तो छुपे हैं
बन्द तहखानों में महफूज,
गोलियों का असला
बना रहे हैं वतन के जवां लाल को।
इतिहास साक्षी है,
नजर उठा के देखो चारों ओर,
मरते, मसलते कुचलते हैं,
मुफलिस मासूम लोग
और तख्त पर बैठते हैं
वही भेड़िये फिर से एक बार,
ज़ुल्मों की कड़ी,
आमो अमान पर डाहने को।
अभी भी समय है,
मोड़ लो उस नन्हीं किरण को उज्जाले की ओर

'हिया' कशमीरी

She is The Apple Of My Eye

(Overpowering self preservation)

By P.N. Razdan (Mahanori)

(A short Story)

"Rosy, my baby girl, is beautiful. She's lovely and charming, I simply can't but gaze at her whenever free. I hold her on my chest as often as I can. She feeds at my breasts. She sends a pleasant thrill through the whole fabric of my body whenever she wears a gleeful smile expressive of satisfaction and comfort on her calm face and yawns soon after," says Taja, her youthful mother. Rosy is her first child after her marriage.

Taja brook no lapse in looking after her first born. She is only too fond of carrying the baby with her, in her lap, wherever she goes. Taja is extra-ordinarily anxious to keep her comfortable all the time. Rosy is thus brought up like a princess. For she is the only child of her parents for a couple of decades or more.

And so, as Rosy grows, both mother and child become, as if they are each others. For they often seem to sit, stand and move about to work together even to the borders of exaggeration limits. Even as Rosy grows to her teenage, Taja is invariably found grasping her hand while shopping or visiting her relatives.

Once, it so happens that the whole township is agog with whisperings, gossip and subdued emotions.

A man is killed here and woman saved there. An enemy is throtled and another gunned down. A youth is hanged and a suspect drowned. Tension and fear grips the entire township. And yet, the unsuspecting peaceful and peace loving dreamers still continue to be oblivious of the gravity of the situation and remain stuburn in their fatalistic attitude. They continue moving about as freely as in normal times ever before. Some of them still seem to believe in the age-old conviction of self-deceptive safety-zone. They still stick to the old strategy of *"YEATTI YUOR RAETSER"* (Everything will be normal from this movement onwards and, we are safe at least for the time being).

It's a long long time now since I saw my parents I'm tethered to the peg of household chores, service of my aged in-laws, looking after our live-stock. orchards and kitchen garden, my dear husband being away in connection with his service. So many times have my brother and sister come and requested me to accompany them to my parental home, in down town, to console my old parents who had been craving for my darshans for long. Bed ridden, as they are, they are unable to move to ours. How cruel on my part to disappoint them on one pretex or the other. "Have I, my husband and my in-laws grown so callous towards my parents"?, says she to herself.

She becomes self-remorseful, her sentiments receive a jolt and her emotions run high.

"My heart beats voilently, I become dizzy, my head reels with pressure. What can I do"? She broods over and reports her helpless condition to her in-laws, who in turn send word to their son.

Sad and sullen, Taja sits in a lonely corner, sobbing. Her sub-concious agony of long separation from parents burst out in tears that roll down her cheeks. Her daughter Rosy is askansed and stunned, wetting of her eyes, instantly become contagious. The reel of the replica of :

KHABRI-ZENA KADAL,

unwinds itself like a flash in Taja's mind. The impact of the running film is so deep and permanent that, even in her semi-conscious state, she repeats the whole episode of the mischievious replica of

KHABRI-ZENA KADAL VERBATIM THUS :

"Once a clever youngman thought of playing mischief for fun with people of Srinagar. He gathers a group of his like minded friends and revealed his plan to them. The plan is approved and the line of action is unanimously agreed to.

The homogenous group scattered in a crowded corner of the city. One of the youths shouted from a distant, hiding place, *"Gayee ho! Gayee ho!* (It's gone. It's gone)." The cries echoed from another distant corner and were followed by others running towards the crowds and rushing onwards. The yells are reinforced by multitude of hoarse ones. Then rise up counter quiries of, "What is gone? What's gone ....."

The excitation gathered momentum and the full-throated cries: "It's gone. It's gone," and "What is gone? What's gone ? Where? Where? alternate and jar the listeners. But mob psychology and mob behaviour rope them into their onward movement when someother groups shout. "Zena Kadal ! Zena Kadal ! At Zena Kadad Bridge, at Zena Kadal Bridge)".

The excited crowds rush with the mobs and assemble at Zena Kadal. " Gaya ho! Gaye ho! What's gone ? What is gone's? ..... only to be told a sputum has floated under the bridge. What a cruel joke !"

"Damn this hot rumour" of tension and violence. I am not one to be cowed down by such false hoods Taja shouts out, as she rises up she turns defiant, and dressing herself, clinches her daughter's hand and leaves by Metador to downtown, ten miles away. All along the way she cannot help seeing groups of bewildered youth gossiping and the pedestrains running more hastily then usual. But the gravity of the situation dawns upon Taja on reaching the busiest market usually bustling with throngs of people doing brisk business. She's awe-stricken finding shopkeepers downing the shutters of their shops and fleeing home-wards for life and the few anxious pedestrians double marching onwards. Taja too follows suit till she finds refuge in her parental home. Touched to the quick, on finding her parents gazing expectantly towards the door, Taja enters exasperated and panting for breath. Sips of fresh cold water revive her and her daughter a little and they are

found gentely embracing her ailing parents, sobbing, which turns contagous, engulfing all, parents, children and grand-children. The high pitched feelings and emotions soon have cathartic effect and the babbling of toddlers breathe the balm.

Refreshments and hot tea come handy but the anxious looks of all are centred on Taja's return home. Shaken by her travel experiences, Taja is careful enough to leave just in time to reach home well before dusk. So, with wet eyes and imperceptible sobbing, Taja clinches Rosy's hand, embraces her parents and takes leave. Her brother accompanies her and sees her off at the bus stand.

The metador speeds on through the street. But alas! suddenly stops halfway accross the bridge and the passengers are asked to alight and fend for themselves, himself avoiding the whole danger zone.

This has further aggrevating effect on Taja's terror stricken brain.

Unwillingly, the passengers step out and plod on in panick along the deserted road towards the venue of the rumour aound the otherwise busy chowk where all sorts of vehicles are usually available.

Taja and Rosy move on sluggishly at first but somehow their calf-muscles get tickled by reflex action. They conciously or sub-conciously speed up and catch up with the advancing pedestrians.

Taja and Rosy feel being trapped there as some other too did. They move helter-skelter to seek shelter. Shelter where there was none. They play hide and seek to avoid being caught in the mellee.

An isolated, fast running truck strays that way all of a sudden. a trembling, panic-stricken group of anxious people, lying in wait on the spot including Taja, rush to and push one another into it as it stops a few seconds and instantly speeds on.

Unfortunatly Rosy misses the grip of her mother's hand. And she is left behind alone to her own fate ! Deserted in this way. Rosy weeps and wails, cries and yell's in distress. She frisks away hither and thither, like a freshly born calf to seek shelter in the the mare's protective cover. Similarly stranded, a well meaning man touched by her loud sobs is closely watching her panicky movements in an atmosphere of intense tension due to desertion at the hands of her, otherwise, inseperable mother.

Imperceptably and unknowningly after long-hours, there stops an isolated Maruti car near the well-meaning man. The driver opens the door and shows him in hastily. The well meaning man pulls in the panicky girl, before hastily boarding it.

And the car driver loses no time to speed on.

They take the girl away !

Where ?

Nobody knows :

May be back to her mother at home, miles away on the same road :

Author is a retd. educationist and lives at Jammu.

Roots

Avtar Krishan Rehbar

Reproduced from Shiraza Vol. I No. 2

His soul was dishevelled with anguish......

As the heat wave began to swell in Calcutta, his restlessness increased. He was overwhelmed by the feeling that the moment was not far off when he would breathe his last and leave his dismal mortal frame.

In this metropolitan city, the uncanny annd unmanageable flood of populace seemed to devour him. a strange, hectic commotion! Fleeing and sprinting shadows; Everyone is in a hurry, no one waiting for anyone. a Tumultuous uproar pierced the chords of his ears. The whole atmosphere smacked of heart-rending alienness. The ups and downs of this lerge city, its colourfulness, cultural grandeur and hullabaloo failed to attract him. He had lost his identity completely. The pulsating life of fifty-nine years spent by him in Kashmir had suddenly lost its momentum and got frozen.

However, this long spell also had not been quite smooth. The Dogra rulers had yielded place to 'free rulers'. Much water had flown down the Jhelum barrage. He had faced many unpleasant situations. For example, when he recently went to cast his vote, a man standing outside the polling booth told him brusquely, "Panditji, why did you take the trouble of coming here? We have already finished your job. After all, how could we ignore your old age?"

Srikanth got flabbergasted but thought it prudent to keep his cool. His hand involuntarily reached his turban, which he pressed firmly and then scurried into the safety of his home.

Barring such humiliating incidents, he had always felt happy that he had an existence of his own, a distinct personality and a separate identity. Whenever he walked from Ali Kadal to Amira Kadal he was fully conscious that the person tapping the metalled surface of the road with his shoes was none else than Srikant. Yes, it was he; People greeted him at every step. But here in Calcutta he could not distinguish even between a fly and himself. His demise in this far-off land would not be noticed any more than that of an insect. Who would know who died? On the contrary, his passing away in Kashmir would be a major event. The people of Srinagar would talk about him for days on end. Both Hindus and Muslims would attend his funeral in large numbers.

As he was disturbed by such thoughts, he remembered a painting which depicted a full-grown tree with myriad branches spread on all sides but with all its roots snapped. This very picture met his gaze repeatedly.

Srikanth had three sons, one of whom was serving in Jaipur, the second in Banglore and the youngest in Calcutta. The eldest of his three daughters was married in Srinagar. The second was settled in Simla and the third in the U.S. His sons did not occupy good posts and somehow managed to keep the wolf away. They were, like nomads, temporarily lodged in one place today but hardly knowing where fate would take them tomorrow and what would be in store for their children. They had spent quite a lot so far in the shape of

rent. At least half their salary was eaten up by accommodation.

Their own hundred-year-old iron-cast house in Srinagar had eleven windows in a row and was yearning for occupants. The fact remained, however, that its roof had by now got dilapidated. Even the walls of the top storey had become weak. But still it was a house to remember. It had been built by Srikanth's father, Ram Kaul, and its hefty beams were the cynosure of everyone living in the locality. The well-baked small tiles used for building the house bore eloquent testimony to the pelf and pomp in which Ram Kaul had spent his life. As tehsildar of Chhirat, he had been a virtual maharaja of the area under his jurisdiction. Everyone living in his mohalla had a deep and close affinity with this house. It was always kept at the disposal of anyone performing a marriage. Countless wedding parties, of both Hindus and Muslims, had been feted here with sumptous delicacies.

Ram Kaul's house, in fact, symbolised the honour and prestige of all children living in the mohalla. It invariably fulfilled that vital, singular custom after performing which the girls of the locality went to their inlaws' places in distant lands. Each and every girl eagerly waited for that auspicious moment when incense would be burnt in this house in her name, women would sing wedding rhymes, guests would partake of the meals cooked there and finally the bride would accompany her spouse in a car, or go in a doli, to join the new phase of their life's journey.

Srikanth vividly remembered all this and then visualised the same painting, the same full-grown tree with branches hanging all over but with its roots withered.

On his retirement from service last year he had decided to spend the remaining year of his life in Kashmir itselfbut circumstances did not favour him. He was forced to take some decisions which he would not have otherwise aproved of. Twenty days ago, when he began his train journey to Calcutta, he felt as if he had been seized by the angles of death who, after grabbing both his hands, were dragging him over burning charcoal. This feeling gripped him further when he experienced the intolerable heat of Calcutta. The blasts of *looh* made him to account for his life's acts of ommission and commission. He thought that he had been better-off as a frog in the well. He woefully apprehended that he would never again be able to return to Kashmir and that his days were numbered.

An unbearable pain was consuming all his limbs. For several days he had been waiting for a letter from his brother. But there was no trace of the same, though he fully believed that his brother would say 'yes' or 'no' within eight or ten days. Then he would send a telegram to his son-in-law in Srinagar for completing the formalities so that the problem could be solved and he would die in peace. But the reply did not come.

"Hope my brother is keeping fit", he wondered. "If his letter does not come today, I shall have to wire him. I am getting consumed from within. To whom can I relate my woes?" He heaved a deep sigh.

Srikanth had three brothers one of whom had passed away in the prime of his youth. The second was a top-level officer in Delhi and had built a grand bungalow there. It was through his good officers that Srikanth's sons had found jobs in Jaipur, Bangalore and Calcutta. The third brother of Srikanth, named Nathji, worked as a teacher and was still living in Kashmir. He had five or six years to go before retirement. He supplemented his meagre income with tuitions to be able to feed his minor children.

Since the demise of his wife two years ago, Srikanth had been depending on Nathji for his culinary needs but he would compensate the family overtly and covertly to the best of his ability. One day when the two brothers were having their evening tea, Srikanth said :

"Do you listen? I have purchased my tickets. I shall leave for Jammu day after tomorrow and from there for Calcutta the following day."

Nathji, taken by surprise, asked him, "Are all keeping well there. Yes fit, but not so well."

"What do you mean?"

Srikanth gave no reply but only heaved a deep sigh.

Nathji got worried and asked, "Why don't you say anything?"

"I have received four letters from my son asking me to reach Calcutta forthwith."

"It is okay. You can go during the winter. It must be boiling hot over there at this time," Nathji said.

"I myself had planned it that way, but in view of what he has written I shall have to go right now."

"After all, what is the urgency?"

"As you know, my son and daughter-in-law both leave in the morning to attend to their work. He has a job in a factory and she works as a teacher in some private school. They had put their child in a creche which charged Rs. 150 a month. They used to pick up the child from there on their way back home in the evening."

"Yes, but what happened then?"

"Times are not good. According to my son, the creche keeper administers some drug to the children to make them fall asleep and he is thus spared the trouble resulting from their wailing. Their child was said to have been in a sad plight and they had almost given up hope of his survival."

"It is so strange! said Nathji." "They should now put him in some other creche. All creche are not mismanaged."

"It is not that simple. They are very frightened. In case the child's mother gives up her job, how will they manage with seven to eight hundred bucks ? They must be paying four hundered as rent alone. I shall go even if I have to work as a domestic hand at the fag-end of my life."

Both of them stared at each other and both kept mum for a while. Then Srikanth opened his mouth:

"Migration of Kashmiri Pandits from the state has assumed alarming proportions. Had he secured a job here I would not find myself in this sorry state now. I had made doleful entreaties to each and every officer but it was no use..... All our landed property was taken over without compensation in the guise of reforms and we were, so to say, clean-shaven. Reforms as such are acceptable to me too but the way they gobbled up our lands is simply atrocious. The other day I had been to my daughter's house. You

should have seen how her husband and three brothers-in-law alongwith their families are huddled together in rooms not bigger than pigeonholes. The poor fellows once possessed twenty to thiry kanals of land but they were not wise enough to set apart a piece of land on which they could build a large house later."

While saying this Srikanth became so sentimental that his face was red with rage.

"Take the case of my second son, who is in Bangalore. God alone knows how he will be managing. He has two daughters of marriageable age..... I have to face embarrassment in the last moments of my life. The one in Jaipur does not communicate with me at all. He must be apprehensive that if he writes to me I might go and stay with him. But I am not dependent on anyone. The pension money that I receive should suffice me till my death."

Fathoming his distrubed mood, Nathji preferred to change the topic of conversation.

"Will you have another cup of tea?"

"Why not?" The boiling cauldron was spilled over me." Srikanth's tone became bitter and harsher. After a pause, he said again, "I had been thinking of something else. Actually, I wanted to tell you about that only."

Nathji was bewildered and asked what it was.

"I was wondering if we would dispose of this house. Our brother in Delhi has not so far disclosed what he wants to do with his share. Tomorrow I shall pass away and I know my blood relations well. My last rites will still be going on when they will auction the house. That is why I would like to see this matter settled during my life-time Then the dispute will not linger on indefinitely and no scorpions will bite me in my next birth."

Nathji was taken aback. He felt this decision to be some-what premature and sudden. But it enabled him to realise the bitter truth to some extent. His whole body was filled with gruelling pain as if he had been bitten by a toad. He wondered where he would go with his wife and minor children.

Srikanth understood his predicament fully. He had served in the accounts department and not wasted his life. With an air of farsight, he said to Nathji, "I realise your helplessness. Just think if all of us sell the house jointly it will fetch two lakhs but if each one of us goes it alone no buyer will offer a penny more than twenty-five thousand. Nowadays nobody can afford to live with an alien in the same house, especially when the entrance is common, the corridor is common, the staricase is common and even the walls of the rooms are common."

"That is correct," said Nathji with all modesty and regard. "Who knows where my children will get settled. It is a matter of only some years. I shall have retired by then and I too shall follow them bag and baggage."

Srikanth replied, "That is true but I don't think I shall last that long. Actually, it is not my life that matters. The fair name of Ram Kaul should not get besmeared. Again, if any member of the family leaves us in the lurch, what will you do ?"

Nathji was stunned. He could not utter a word for quite sometime. Meanwhile, Srikanth got up, stretched his pheran and said, "Think it over at leisure. Both of you

decide what can be good for us and what will harm us. I shall leave day after tomorrow. You may write to me after a week or so. I have two buyers in view; one is willing to purchase the whole house and the other is ready to pay fifty thousand for my share. Both of them are Muslims. I shall also write to my brother in Delhi asking him what he proposes to do with his share."

After saying these words, Srikanth started walking to his room.

"Oh no, don't go like that. Have your meals first," said Nathiji mustering all his courage. "Please sit down and take your food. What ever has to happen cannot be averted."

"Yes, whatever is destined will come surely," Srikanth agreed. But his head was reeling. He regretted that today he had to do what he could never have imagined.

Nathiji again requested him to sit down.

"No, I don't have appetite and I have headache too. I want to sleep," said Srikanth walking into his room. He closed the door, switched off the light and got into his bed. That same painting was revolving before his eyes. That tree sans roots, which had been torn off by saws big and small.

In his childhood Srikanth had heard that the Shankaracharya hill was a silent volcano that would erupt some day and spread its lava in the neighbourhood causing devastation all over! But the hill did not erupt all these fifty-nine years, though at times he had felt that lava was oozing out of it. Today, however, he was sure that the Shankaracharya hill had erupted fully, its lava was sprouting forth and the whole sky was filled with mist, clouds and smoke.

He did not receive any letter today also. He thought that he would ask his son to send a telegram to Nathji. But how could he talk about Kashmir in the presence of his son and daughter-in-law? Whenever he had tried to do so, they had assailed him like mad dogs, saying, "So far as we are concerned, you may burn down the property we have there."

Srikanth got up, somehow straggled up to the telegraph office and sent the following message :

"Worried. Wire welfare......Srikanth."

Three more days passed. he spent the nights as if he was lying on pointed nails. Strange thoughts filled his mind.

"Woe is me! Hope they have not committed suicide. They will certainly ensure hell for Ram Kaul. I should not have taken such a decision. After my death, they could do as they liked."

A state like that of lunacy over took him. He thought that if he did not receive a reply within a week or so he would write to his brother that he had changed his decision. His eyes were glued to the door and he constantly thought about his brother. His heart was filled with deep anguish.

A telegraphic reply, brief and curt, came from Nathji. Srikanth was elated as if he had got all the world's wealth. The telegram said, "All well. Detailed letter posted five days ago."

However, he could not decide whether he should feel happy or sad. He again fell into a hundered reveries. He could not guess what Nathji would have said in his letter. While he was still making surmises, the letter landed.

Srikanth took the envelope from the postman. He recognised the handwriting of Nathji. He was happy that his brother was stil obedient to him. He loved him all the more for this. But while opening the envelope his whole body trembled, his heart began palpitating fast and his eyesight waned. When he pulled the letter out of the cover, he at first felt that the paper was blank, unclear and empty. But that was not the case. The letter had been formally written.

Srikanth cleansed his galsses. First he could see only some image-like characters but then all words became clearly decipherable After a pause, he began reading each and every word slowly:

"Dear brother.

"Namaskar. May you live long."

"I perfectly understand the quandary you are in. I also realise that my brother, who brought me up like his own son and taught me to think independently, must be right in his judgment. What he says must be both plausible and correct. But please think for a while as to where I shall go with my wife and minor children.

"Neverthless, you may certainly dispose of your share to whomsoever you like. Why are you worried for me? By way, which community inhabits the locality in which I live? With whom do I spend the day? Who ferries me across the river? Who removes the nightsoil from my house? Who grows the flowers which I use for puja? When I was born who was my midwife? When I die, who will stoke the flames of my pyrer? " You should cease to worry about us. May God bles you! "Your own......Nathji."

Srikanth read the letter over and over again. His eyes turned blood red. In a fit of rage he shouted, "Bloody fool! He has lost his senses."

He tore the letter into shreds and threw the pieces out of the window. He became very restless. His heart beat furiously. His mind was filled with apprehensions. The same painting began to dance in front of his eyes. Sometimes the snapped roots were soaring high and the branches were rising skyward and the roots going down. He felt as if the tree was about to crash....it would fall any moment. His heart beat faster than ever and he fell down unconscious. After two hours he came to his own but his general condition was deteriorating.

After some days, his son-in-law having completed the formalities of sale, sent him the cheque. A letter accompanying it said that another cheque had been sent to Srikanth's brother in Delhi.

The letter also revealed that Nathji too had, only after one week, sold his share to the same person, Qadir Joo, who had bought their two shares. Nathji was now living in a rented house.

Srikanth's fading eyes instantly turned into two craters from which his hidden heat and molten lava began to gush forth.

Tr. from Kashmir by : T.N. Kaul

GITAJI

(The Gem of Humanity)

By N.N. Mujoo

Gitaji is considered the most esteemed scripture of Hinduism. The most eminent scholars here & abroad regard this scripture as a philosophy & life elaborating righteousness, action, nature of human beings & above all consciousness of the self i.e. yoga for attainment, righteousness of supreme bliss. In this connection I would like to quote President Jued of Canada :-

"Gita is not the Bible of
Hindus only but the
Bible of Himanity."

Gita starts with धर्मक्षेत्रे कुरुक्षेत्रे in the first saloka of its first Adhaya. It evidently points to life as a field of Karma (actions) based on the principle of Dharma (Righteousness). The Lord Krishna nowhere in his teachings delets action out of the life of an ordinary man as well as that of a Yogi, Sanyasi or a Tyagi.

Throughout his dialogue with Arjuna; the lord emphasises that Karma is his duty but he should not crave for the fruit of action, which infact needs to be surrendered to the Almighty Lord.

Bhagwat Gita is admitted a universal scripture leading a being to the faculities of perfection with the background of historical event of Mahabharta. The battlefield of Kurukshetra is attributed to life where in good & evil are always arrayed against one another to supress & subject others in the race for superiority, Enlike Kaurvas the evils are more in number & Pandvas the good are less. Conflict between good & bad tendencies is always at work trying to attract us to the path paved for our good or bad according to our nature & willingness to follow those bright or dark paths. Gita comprises 18 chapters in which perfection of life is the essence for freedom from the bondage of Chain of rebirths; which can be pulled down with the perfection of 5 organs of actions, 5 elements of senses, 5 elements of sense perceptives, coupled with mind, intution & self consciousness. The perfection of the 181 elements fully elucidated in 18 chapters of the Gita leads to eternal Bliss & joy by self realizations i.e. truth of the life.

Sri Aurobindhoo churns the philosophy of the Gita as under :-

"The secret of action is one with secret of all life. Existence is not only the machinery of nature but a constant manifestation of the spirit. Life is not for the sake of life alone but for the sake of god and the soul of man is an eternal portion of the god head. Action is for self-finding and self-fulfilment."

In saloka 47 of Adhaya the Lord says to Arjuna :-

"Action is your duty and not the claim to the fruit of the performance of your duty. You should not act as the producer of the fruit of action. Nor you should renounce action or lean towards in action."

Adhaya III emphatically elucidates the significance of action. In saloka 3 & 4 the Lord says that knowledge and action are two wheels of a cart. He further says that a

being cannot become actionless by abstaining from it. Similarly by renunciation of action a person cannot reach the goal of perfection. It is thus verily clear that the Gita teaches not to become acitonless and sanyasins and tyagis to live on alms as understood by the people in general today.

Gita is infact the science of knowledge and action as is depicted in the last saloka of 10th Adhaya. In this saloka it is said :-

"Wherever is Krisna the Lord of Yoga, wherever is Arjuna the wilder of bow, there are prosperity victory - expansions & sound policy."

Here Krishna is knowledge & Arjuna is action thus wherever knowledge & action work side by side there are the fruits of success.

This being established that a being cannot relinquish action of his own free-will, the question arises as to where from it is born. The action is born enlike a seed growing into a big tree & producing flowers, fruits etc. according to the quality of the seed. Similarly action of a being is born of Prakrati; which is the mother of actions yielding a man to good or bad i.e. gunas. These are three kinds, Sattava, Rajas & Tamas :-

a) A regulated action free from attachment and done without love or hatred and also without desire of fruit is known as Sattavsika which is stainless, luminuous and unobstructive. It holds attachment to happiness & knowledge.

b) The action with the motive of fulfilment of desire or with egoism or with much effort is Rajsika; which is the nature of passion, truth & attachment to fruit of actions.

c) The action taken in delusion without thinking of the consequences, loss, luxury & ability is Tamasika born of ignorance and holds one to heedlessness, indolence & sleep.

Further Sri Krishna says that fruit of good action/Sathavika is pure, while that of Rajas is pain & ignorance is the fruit of Tamasika. Besides from Sattavika arises wisdom, greed from Rajasika and from Tamasika arises heedlessness, error, ignorance, anger & arrogance. It is further added that consequent upon the fruit of action in different Gunas is determined as upwords for Sattavika middle for the Rajasika & downward for Tamasika.

Gita as compiled by Vyasji on the basis of a dialogue between Krishna & Arjuna, thousands of years ago, on the battlefield of Kurukshetra has been reportedly taught by sages and literary personnel from time to time without any discrimination of religion creed - caste or country.

a) Swami Parmanandji of Mattan has translated the theme of Gita in Kashmiri, in a nutshell in his Zamindari Leela . The first couplet of which is reproduced below with translation in English.

कर्मू भूमिकाय दिज़ि धर्मुक बल ।

सन्तोषे ब्याल बोवि आनन्द फल''

Fortify the field of action (life) seed of contentment & reap the harvest of Ananda (Supreme Bliss).

b) A muslim saint too has not lagged behind in portraiting the philosophy of Gita in his book Karima-Nam-I-Haq in Persian; the very first couplet of which is reproduced below

करीम नि बखशाय बर हाल मा।

कि हस्तम असीरे कमन्द हवा।।

"O, Lord! Have mercy on me as I am bound & imprisoned by the worldly desires."

c) Last but not the least in this regard I would like to quote Warren Hastings as under :-

"Gita, as the gem of humanity shall survive when the British dominion in India shall long have ceased to exist and when the sources which it once yielded by wealth and power are lost to rememberance."

Gita, thus is not an ancient scripture of Hindu Dharma only but a torch of light to those who are bewildered in the darkness of delusion and are causing destruction of human values.

Gita is the message to all and for ever and it shall remain alive to show the path of glorious future to those who are bathing in the pool materialism and have shut eyes to the spirit of truth and true meaning of life.

Om! Shanti - Shanti - Shanti

धरती माता

ये कैसी विडम्बना है
ये कैसा दस्तूर है
जो धरती अपनी माता है
वो माता हमसे दूर है
जिस धरती पर जन्म लिया
जिसने चलना सिखलाया
ईश्वर उससे हमको दूर कर
ये कैसा दिन दिखलाया
पास तो जाना चाहे पर
यूँ लगे कि हिम्मत चूर है
जो धरती अपनी माता है
वो माता हमसे दूर है

तुझसे माँ हम दूर सही
पर दिल तो तेरे पास है
और माँ से मिलने की
देखो मन में यह आस है
तुझसे दूर तो है मगर क्या करे
कि हम मजबूर है
जो धरती अपनी माता है
वो माता हमसे दूर है

धरती पर जन्नत है तू
पर हम तो इतना जानते हैं
कि हम तुझे जन्नत ही नहीं
अपनी माँ भी मानते हैं
हमको माँ से दूर किया है
हमारा क्या कसूर है
जो धरती अपनी माता है
वो माता हमसे दूर है

जो धरती अपनी माता है
वो माता हमसे दूर है

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KHRAV AND KANGER (Insignias of a Kashmiri)

By P.N. Wanchoo

One is known by the company one keeps. A Kashmiri household traditionaly is known by some such items of use which are not common in other Indian homes. A few of these are briefly described here. Khrav (wooden sandle), Kanger (fire pot), Samavar (tea kettle), Khos (Bronze cup), Pulhor (grass chapall) etc. are some of these. Khravs (wooden sandles) are of various shapes. One is with a woodenthumb hold or cotton/Leather toe hold. The other is a raised heal and toe with a woven grass hold for holding thumb and toe fingers or the foot.

Samavar (tea kettle) is an article of daily use in Kashmiri household for making and serving tea. It is made of brass. Khos (bronze cup) is used for taking tea/milk/sweet rice pudding and snacks etc. by Kashmiri pandits, Kenz Khos (Goblet) is a speciality for use by elders and important persons.

PULHOR (grass chapals) are an important accompaniment on the marriage ceremony of a KP daughter. These grass chapals are made of fine twisted grass with silk/cotton/wool /embroidered face.

KANGER (fire pot) The name is derived from sanskrit word kasthangarika used by UPADEVA. To a Kashmiri nothing is more indigenous than the firepot. It is used as a device against the rigorous cold in the valley. The KANGER is a basket with a handle containing a red vessel of earthenware into which is put a small quantity of lighted charcoal. The origin of the brazier, is indigenous to Kashmir. Scaldino of Florence (Italy) resemble the Kashmiri KANGER. The French according to GMD SFI have one corresponding to it in their, "Chauffer chamic of pot of charcoal fire."

MANAN the sun dried earthen pot has been ancestor of Kanger. The earthen pot baked by the potter is the vessel around which Pakotia, Wicker, Morus etc twigs are woven is called KONDEL in Kashmiri. The Kanger makers are known as KANIL, who used to live earlier mostly on the banks of Wular lake. In Charar (Char-I-Sherif) a special kind of Kanger is made woven with special white wicker and gloassy decorations. Other areas where special class of craft men are scattered in the valley are Hazratabal and Kanilgond.

The Kanger gives warmth from the burning charcoal Inside. The Kanger is used in ceremonial functions like marriages, birth of a child and other functions for burning Incense (Isband) and Harmal.

Kanger is used as a missile in qurrels/fights in Kashmir. Regular purpetual use of this brazier has left burn marks on Kashmiris.

KHRAV and KANGER are a socio-cultural legacy of Kashmiri Pandits since inception as these are still gifted on HERAT festival to daughters by parents.

With the advancement and scatter use of these items has diminished and they have achieved a curio value. In the homes of Kashmiri's who have settled in the west, we usually come across these items as decoration pieces in the lounges.

बोज़ वनय गुदरून (कशमीरी कविता)

पी. एन. राजदान महानूरी

हना रोज बोज़ वनय मूती साकी सोज़
शबन तॅ मित्रन हिहुय आशिर्वाद
ज्यीठ जिन्दगी तॅ ललि हुंद दोध
शांत स्वभाव मिलचार शहज़ार
दिगनि बलॅ विगनि गुगराय
शीनॅ सब्ज़ार पोशि वअर तॅ आनॅ डल
प्रभातन पोशनूलो वन मधुर वानी
प्रसन्न करि मन
केयम हाथ तोन्ति मंज बिलबिचुर
आव लंजि प्यठ ब्यूठ
ऑस वहारथ आल्यन अन्दर बचगान चिर चिर
कस्तूरि वुडव पिच पिच छिर छिर छिर
सोनहरि ताजदार कुकलि गु गू गु गू गु गू गु
नचहा गिन्दहा बेन्यन तॅ टंगॅ बागन
फेरहा तॅ थोरहा बाल थोंग्यन नयन वनन तॅ मरगन अन्दर
वुछहा डून्य चूंठय त्रेलि तॅ टंगॅ बागन
पुतिम चन्द्रम वति जूल हवा रिंग
तरकन गोतॅ गोत पम्पोश डलन सोय गथ त अतगृथ
न्यन्द्रॅ जोलन स्वपनन गअरय फुटरन
छवॅर तॅ बादाम फुलय
पातअल्य नचान आकॉअ वुडान
तारसर, मारसर तॅ कोलाहय
नज़रि: सिन्द साधॅ माल्युन शोक्रदीन
सोनवाअर सोपोर तॅ सोगाम
निंगल मानसबल गान्दरबल गंगबंल
तेलबल अहरबल तॅ नागबल
शीशरमनाग नीलनाग अनन्तनाग वेरीनाग
वासकनाग गोतमनाग कोकरनाग
टन्गमर्ग गुलमर्ग खिलनमर्ग यूसमर्ग
सोनमर्ग मिनिसर्ग जजमर्ग नागमर्ग
ॲलपत्थर छेच कन्य बरगाह कोंगवटन
डकसुम शिकारगाह तॅ हॉरवन

सिप्रिंग शिकारेयन मान मान तॅ खूरिय छिक छिक
पादशाह परन्दन बुंगरि छोन्य तॅ कृपॅ श्रोन्य श्रोन्य
वाय करहा सअलि अल क्याह वनय?
सन्दिजि डलन-कनकॅ खलन गुलालन दिलस दाग!
वाय केशान छ्स छावहा
परीमहल सिटी फारेस्ट शालमॉर-निशातबाग
हॉरिये तोतस वनतॅ लो लो, ककवो वुडुर ओल दअरान सोर छुनॅ जाह!
पोश थरि पथ थरि ग्वव तो बुलबुलो लो
हॉरिये तोतस वन्तॅ लो लो।
ककवो उडर ओल टअरान
सोर छ्न जांह।
पोश थरि पथ थरि छाव तो बुलबलो लो।
हॉरिये तोतस वन्त लोलो।

वोनदमुत (कशमीरी)

हरदंच् जदी फयूर वोश्लुन
म्यानि रत्त के आबशार
अमि थोद्पद क्या प्रवाह्
म्योन मरून ति् गवं न बेकार्
तोहि् पच्छ् इयनव या न्
जिदं जुवस ति ओसुम अमार
म्यानि मरन्य गच्छ फुलिन
सारी जोज़रेम्यत गुलज़ार
धर केयव तारेव त् हांकलव्
असस करमच् स्यठा लाचार
केहंति कर्हा ओरमु न् वार
जीठ जिदगी अस बासान अज़कार
इम सोन्सन्द अथ
इयमव म्य पय्ठ कोर् वार
थव हक तालि ल्दिथ
व्य कर हक पूजा त पोश अभ्यारं

हिया कशमीरी

Appeal

ALL INDIA KASHMIRI SAMAJ (REGD.)

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Tele. : 4677114

T.N. Wanchoo F.No. 4(4)/98-AIKS/287

General Secretary 1st April, 1998

Dear Pandit Sahib.

Namaskar. As you are aware AIKS coordinates the activities of all Kashmiri Pandit Associations throughout India and abroad in ameliorating the lot of the internally displaced persons from Kashmir since 1989-90.

AIKS on its own has started a self-help programme for the interim rehabilitation of the community members at various places in India. Assistance has been given to the needy children in educational field, marriage of daughters and treatment to sick and old people. One of the successful programmes has been the rehabilitation of young boys and girls by arranging training in Computer/Electronics for the past 5 years and placement of young persons of either sex in various business houses in New Delhi/NOIDA. Working girls hostels have been created in NOIDA to enable the young girls to work in NOIDA/New Delhi.

AIKS is in urgent need of funds for continuing the above programmes and appeals to the generosity of the community members to enrol themselves as :

1. Patron - Individual members by donating a sum of Rs. 5000/- or more.

2. Life member by donating a sum of Rs. 3000/- or more.

3. Contributing every month regularly to self-help programme (MOUCHHOPHOL) from every member of the family.

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Lalitaditya - Linking Kashmir and Kerala

P.V. Mathew

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Lalitaditya of the 8th Century, who ruled Kashmir from 695 to 732 A.D., subjugated almost the whole of India under his domain.

Much is known from Kalhana's Rajatarangini, about the reigning period of Lalitaditya and the material and triumphal journey of him through Indian peninsula. But the cultural bond and affinity that existed between Kerala and Kashmir remained in dark till I raised the veil by depicting the historical facts in my book "Acta Indica" published in 1986. Even though this book is one more addition to the "Christain Heritage in India", it gives a comprehensive picture on the cultural bond and affinity that existed between Kerala and Kashmir from the time of Lalitaditya.

Before going in detail into the latter subject, let me emphasise here about Lalitaditya alias Muktapida's greatness based on Kalhana's Rajatarangini. Even though the scholars assembled here know much about his triumphal exploits, I am just giving here only a superficial background of his performance so as to bridge the gap in the history on how Kashmir culture reached Kerala almost twelve centuries back, which also paved the way for the formation of "Malayalam" language.

The fouth Taranga of Rajatarangini describes the adventures of Lalitaditya of Kashmir. He was the fifth king of Karkota (Naga) dynasty (695-857 A.D.), and Lalitaditya ruled for almost 37 years from 695 to 732 A.D. It is this king who first gets mentioned in the legend of Kerala as "Parasurama", which word might be the shortened form of "Parihasapura" or "Parihasakeshwa".

Lalitaditya spent the better part of this reigning period trying to bring India under his control and in triumphal marches through India with all the fighting gears. With this object in view, he first brought the States neighbouring to Kashmir under his control. Then he conquered the small States in north Bihar, like Oudh. He then moved on to the east coast capturing Kạnauj and Kalinga. He gathered all the elephants from Gauda and continued southwards and conquered Karnata (the present Karnataka region) then passed on to Konkan territories, comprising the seven tracts. The Konkana region is the narrow strip of land between the Sahiyadri hills (western ghats) and the sea from Ratnagiri in the north to Kanyakumari in the south. The seven Konkan tracts include, Kerala (Malabar), Goa, Konkan proper etc.

From Konkan Lalitaditya proceeded along the western coast northwards to Bukhara in Afghanistan. He finally returned to Kanauj and built the city of Lalitaditya and named after himself, commemorating his extensive victory. Al-Beruni says, that the victory of Lalitaditya was celebrated in Kashmir every year as an annual festival. A chronic victim of wine and women, he again proceeded with his military exploits and triumphs, during which he passed away.

Wherever he went he built towns and cities, and erected temples in them dedicated to different dieties, giving lands for the maintaince of the temples. He installed the Aditya.

the Sun god as presiding diety of the temple in Lalitapura. After enturstıng the administration of this city to king Yesovarman of Kanauj who accepted his overlordship. he returned to Kashmir. Sharadadevi of Adityapura was the patroness for his royal house. He built the marvellous Sun temple Martand in Greek style with massive stone walls inside encircling ramparts, similar to the one at Multan (Mulasthan). He also founded "Parihasapura" (Now known as parapor) and installed the statue of Vishnu- "Parihasa Keshva" or the holy Muktadeva or Padmanabha-in pure silver with the mass of filaments of the lotus made of gold on the navel.

Lalitaditya's conquest of Konkan lands is a fact of history which is relevant in Kerala. He had entered the forests of Karnataka with his elephants and troops, which was under the reign of the reputed queen Ratta, easily yielded to the conqueror. He relaxed in the coconut groves of Karnataka on the banks of river Kaveri, sipped tender coconuts juice and later moved through the sandal wood grooves to mount Malaya (Malanad). In Maland (Malabar) he made the scattered isles on the sea shore as the stepping stones for his elephants and marched them to and fro in the region. His conquest of the seven Konkan tracts. darkened by the profuse growth of the arecanut (betel nut) trees, spread his fame over the neighbouring lands.

The islets which served as steping stones for Lalitaditya's elephants on the sea shore of Kerala (Malabar or Malanad) and Konkan were actually the sand heaps, deposited from the atmoshphere after the explosion and crash of a mighty meteor or asteroid, in the middle of third century A.D. From this period to till the triumphal march of Lalitaditya, (in early eighth century). the history of Kerala (Cheranad) and the southern region of Tamil Nadu (Chola and Pandiya Nads) shrouded in darkness and this period is known as the "dark period" of Tamizhakam of south India.

Briefly I am giving here of what happened that destroyed the Malabar and Konkan regions as well as the south eastern region of the present Tamil Nadu in the middle of third century A.D.

In the Velvikudi copper chart of 769/770 A.D. it is written that the oceanlike army of Kalabhras stormed the Cheranad and destroyed all the kingdoms of the first Chera empire that existed from first century to third century A.D. The army of Kalabhras mentioned in the chart would have been the meteoric storm that burst-forth from a falling meteor or asteroid which would have entered the earth's atmosphere and almost completely annihilated the Dravidian culture prevailing in south India. It also changed the geography of Kerala altogether. The physical, geographical, astronimical implications would explain the story of reclamation of Kerala by Parasurama; raising the land from sea, by throwing his axe (vel) from Gokarna (Goa) to the cape Kanyakumari. This sequel to the story of the resumption of the land. is that of its donation to the keepers of these temples (Nambudiris) in this region. This has its connections with Kashmir (as will be seen later).

It is beyond the scope of this paper to mention all about the celestial destruction here. But, as sequence of events with references are well presented in my book, "Acta Indica", I advise the scholars who are interested to know much about it, to read the above mentioned book.

What deserves special mention here in the analysis of the story in the Rajatarangini

is, that whereas the queen Ratta and her subjects welcomed and offered hospitality to Lalitaditya in Karnataka, in Kerala it was the heaps of sand glittering in the sun that welcomed him. It is significant, that there is no mention of his having encountered any king for that matter any cultured people. The fourth Taranga (verse 180) however refers to some aborginal people, Lalitaditya met here. He compelled them to cover their nakedness by wearing clothes with a tail carried back to the rear reaching to the ground. He treated them as animals, and was why when caste Hindus came to power in Kerala, they called them monkeys (hanumans). Shri R.S. Pandit mentions in his note, that this was the reason for the north Indians looking down upon the south Indians as a low caste. And the Kashmiris are not yet free from the ancient prejudice against south Indians.

Kalhana's narration in Rajataragini about the Malabar (Malanad or Malaya) region is absolutely correct. The Kolbhra invasion-meteor crash- has shrouded the history of first Chera empire (and of Muziris its chief port), ruled by the Cheralathan dyansty from the first century to the middle of third century A.D. Only a few early Dravidians who escaped to the hills, had survived the disaster. The history of Cheranad is somewhat known only from the eighth century, when Lalitaditya of Kashmir staged the regal procession on elephants back, from Gokarna to cape Kaniyakumari. This king in all probability is featured as the "Parasurama" in "Keralolpathi" written in 18th or 19th century.

Now let us examine the account of Parasurama in the Kerala history.

Parasurama threw his axe (vel) over the sea from Gokarna (Goa). It reached up too the Cape, and the water receded from the region exposing the land. This reclaimed land is called Parasurama-Kshetra. Then Parasurama brought out sixty four priestly Brahmin (Nambudir) families from the north along the shores of Tulunad, settled them in Kerala and founded his own religious sect.

According to the Keralolpathi, Adiraja Perumal, Pandi Perumal and Cheraman Perumal had ruled Kerala (Cheranad). The Perumals were succeeded by the Kulasekhara Varma dynasty. Both the Perumals and Kulasekhara Varmas ruled Kerala with their capital at Mahodayapuram, from the last years of eighth century to early eleventh century A.D. These extracts from the history of Kerala compared with the history of Kashmir from eighth century to eleventh, will lead us to the inference that the rulers in both these dynasties are deputed from Kashmir to govern Kerala.

Now let us turn to the legend in Rajatarangini. Lalitaditya, the king of Kashmir and monarch of India, had returned after his triumphal march through the seven tracts of Konkan and sent gate-keepers (dwarapalakars) to put up a temple at Mahodayapura, in the same architectural beauty of that of Martanda temple in Kashmir built by him. The chief of the dwarapalakars installed Lord Mahodaya (Subbrah Mani) there. This is clear from the history of Avantivarman of Kashmir, as given in the Rajatarangini (fifth Taranga, verses 28-29), that Avantivarman has sent Ramata as a preacher to Mahodaya.

Mahodaya (locally known as Mahodyapuram) became the capital of Chera (Sura) Nad in the days of Cheraman Perumals, elected by the sixty-four royal-gate keepers (dwarapalakas) sent from Kashmir; and continued to be the capital of Cheranad after the formation of the second Chera empire by Kulasekhera Varmans, in the ninth century till it was destroyed by the Chola invasion in the eleventh century.

The number sixty-four has a great significance in the history of Kerala. They, the royal gate-keepers represented the sixty-four temples that existed in Kashmir (confirmed in verse 169 of the fifth Taranga). It could be assumed here that Lalitaditya would have sent sixty-four royal gate-keepers, representing the sixty-four temples in Kashmir, to Mahodaya in Cheranad. We can see to this day the statues of those sixty-four dwarapalakas arranged in the Subrahamani Svami temple at Tirchendur, in Tirunelveli district of Tamil Nadu. Formerly this place was a part of Cheranad. The place name Mahodayapuram was changed to Tiruchendur by the Chola's after destroying the Cherand capital in the eleventh century.

The chief of these dwarapalakas was elected as the first Perumal who ruled Cheranad for twelve years. He too was the head of the dwarapalakas, who installed the Mahodayasvamin in the Mahodaya temple.

His successor either appointed or elected was Pandi Perumal. He must have been the chief royal guard of Martanda temple in Kashmir too. Because Kashmiris call the Martanda temple "Pandavlari" (temple built by Pandavas). There is a tribe in Kashmir known as "Kishtwaris" predominantly agriculturists. They were considered as Dravidians migrated from south India. Were they the people deported from Pandiyanad by Lalitaditya for the construction of Martanda temple in Kashmir? I had the privilege to see a statue of "Kannaki" in remote village temple in Jammu region in 1952, while in military service. "Kannaki" was venerated by the Dravidians as the symbol of chastity in Chera, Chola and Pandiya Nads of South India. Strangely the chief priest of this remote temple at the time was Nambudiri from Kerala, a descendant of gate-keepers sent from Kashmir by Lalitaditya the king of Kashmir. And I came to know that nmbudiris from Kerala are generally appointed as head priests in the majority of the temples in Jammu region by the Dogra dynasty.

After the rule of Pandi Perumal and other Perumals the famous Cheraman Perumals ruled Cheranad for thiry six years. Afterwards, he divided the Cheranad into sixty-three smaller units entrusted them to the remaining royal gate-keepers and went to Mecca, where he is believed to have embraced Islam. On his return journey to Cheranad he died at Zaffala (on the shore of Oman Gulf) in 832 A.D. This shows that a little more than one hundred years the Perumals ruled the Cheranad with their Pagoda in the city of Mahodayampuram, the capital.

After the Cheraman Perumals rule, the Kulasekhara Varmas suceeded them. At this period Avantivarman of Utpala dyansty was the king of Kashmir, who ruled from 857 to 884 A.D. Dinaras currency prevalent in Kashmir then was used in Kerala (cheranad) also at that time. The oldest coins of Kerala known as Parasurama Rassi is the Kashmir Dinnaras. It is seen recorded in the earliest discovered copper edict, the Vazhapally chart, granted by the first king Raajasekhara Varma of Kulasekhara dynasty.

Religion in Kashmir in the Pre-Islamic Period

The Dogra (Hindu) dynasty of Jammu gainted authority in Kashmir valley only in 1840 A.D. Historians of Kashmir have been accustomed referring to the religious preachers there as Brahmins. This has given the impression that Kashmir (Pre-Islamic period) was a Hindu kindgom. But Al-Beruni confirms in his book on India that, the preachers in question wre Manichaeans.

Al-Beruni says that Hindusim was not strong in Kashmir in the eleventh century.

But the existence of "Sharadapeeth" confirms the existence of Saivites there before that. Also because the Rajatarangini of Kalhana, opens with the praise "Aum-Hail to Sri Ganesa" (aslautation to the "Guru" of Manichaens); and then praises Siva, it has to be inferred that the people of Kashmir had rocognised Saivism also.

Manichaeism became powerful in Kashmir during the region of Durlabhavardhana (632-682 A.D.). It was Lalitaditya who later created conditions favourable for the growth of Saivism in Kashmir, by raising a temple for the sun God, the famous Martanda temple in Kashmir. The custodians of this temple were the white Huns (Naphatalites, one of the lost tribes of Israel) who migrated to kerala as Namudiris.

Just as Manichaeism and saivisn prevailed and separated into two distinct religions in Kashmir, there were divisions in Kerala among the sixty-four dwarapalakas. Before the last Cheranad Perumal went to Mecca, he sub-dividod the Cheranad into sixty three villages units and gave them out to the other dwarapalakas or his subordinates. Of those units, thirty two settled to the north of Alwaye river (in Ernakulam district of Kerala State) were the Nambudiris followed Saivism (generally called as beloging to "Surya Vamsa" or worshippers of the Sun god). They elected the ruler of Kolathiri (Kovilathikari) as their chief. Batuta mentions in his travelogue about Kilatniri as "Kawlan" (a shortened form of "Kavilagam" (Pagoda) of the ruling king), with the capital city of Manjuran (Manjeswaram). He says, "The king in this place is the greatest of the kings in Malabar, and in it are about four thousand Mohammedan merchants from Persia, Yemen and Arabia etc."

The thirty-one units of dwaraplakas who settled to the south of river Alwaye, retained manichaean belief and they belong to the group of "Soma Vamsa" or worshippers of the Moon god. They maintained their headquarters at Mahodayapura, till the hundered years Chera-Chola war of twelth century. With the Chola invasion in 1012 A.D.; their dispensation in Cheranad foundered . In this set up, Hinduism came to prominence in Kerala. Cheranad was also broken up into bits controlled by local chieftains.

The interference of Tantrins in Kashmir administration weakened Kashmir also. The people who suffered them in the hands of Tantrins and Damaras, were anxiously looking for a way out, when in the days of Sahadeva (1301-1320 A.D.), the suffis of Islam entered Kashmir. The people easily fell in prey to the new preaches and there was mass conversion to Islam.

Sree Sankra of Sharadapeeth

My firm belief is that, Sree Sankara the profound preacher of Monism (Saivism) belonged to Kashmir. He was the person who expounded the simple monistic theory to counter the dualistic theory of Manichaeism. His proficiency in Sanskrit supports the theory of his training in Kashmir at "Sharadapeeth" in his younger days. There is no reason to believe that such a versatile Sanskrit scholar of the ninth century was brought up in Kerala. The folk language of Kashmir "Sharda" would have travelled down to Kerala with Sree Sankara from Kashmir and later combining with Tamil might have produced Malayam language.

All the higher castes in Kerala, we see now are the progney of settlers from different parts of Asia espically from Kashmir; St. Thomas Christians from Persia and Arabian Gulf shores, so also of Jews; merchants from Armenia (originally of Manichaean

community), and Ezhavas from Sri Lanka (Lavanganad); all migrated in the ninth century A.D. and after. Islam came to prominence in Malabar only after the invasion by Hyder Ali and his reputed son Tippu Sultan of Mysore at the end of the eighteenth century.

Before the Dogra dynasty came to power in Kashmir, there were numerous independent villages in Kashmir valley. One very curious features of these tiny villages, was that the form of government was Republician, and that the principle of home Rule has been carried to the extreme limit in these villages. A village Parliament managed all the internal affairs of the village but questions of general policy wre settled by the State Parliament to which each village sent its representatives.

The same form of Home Rule was prevalent in Cheranad (Kerala), during the reigons of Perumals and Varmas, sent from Kashmir. Those village Parliaments were known as "Sangams" (Nattukoottams). Some "Samgams" were formed on the basis of charts given to those west Asian emigrants, such as "Anjuvannam" of the Armenian merchants; and "Tarisapalli" of the St. Thomas Christians. These three important Sangams were formed on the basis of charts issued and previleges granted by the kings of Kulasekhara Varma dynasty of ninth century.

It is quite likely Lalitaditya would have sent some Nayanars (Nairs) along with the sixty-four Nambudiri families. The artisans of the Nair group were experts in carpentery, rock-cutting and metal smelting. It is they who constructed the Tiruchendur Mahodayasvamin temple in Cheranad. The temples at Martanda and Mahodayapura could have been built only by expert, artisans with the help of cheap Dravidian labourers. This might have lead the interchange of settling Kashmir Nairs in Kerala and Dravidians from south India in Kashmir.

The Nairs in Kerala are 'Naga' worshippers. The worship of 'Nagas' (serpents) is a festival still observed in some parts of Kashmir valley, especially in Bhadarwah and Kishtwar regions, in the month of Chaitra. Samkrant of the beginning of a month (in Bikram era) is regarded sacred day of Kashmiri Hindus. In Kerala too, the above two festivals are observed with enthusiasm by the Nair community.

The matriarchal lineage and polyandry systems adopted by Nairs in Kerala had its origin from Kashmir. Devadasi systems prevalent in the Kashmir temples from Asoka's time is practised in the temples of Kerala till it abolished during the British period (1795-1947 A.D.).

A more important finding of these studies is that the cultural bond and affinity of Kerala with Kashmir are very much more than with the adjoining Tamilnadu and Karnataka State in South India.

Drawing up a skeleton of the cultural bond and affinity between Kashmir and kerala is attempted here. It is possible that a close study of the ancient contact and relations between the two States will bring to light much additional material of great historic value. With these words I conclude this paper.

(Shri P.V. Mathews is the author of 'Acta Indica')

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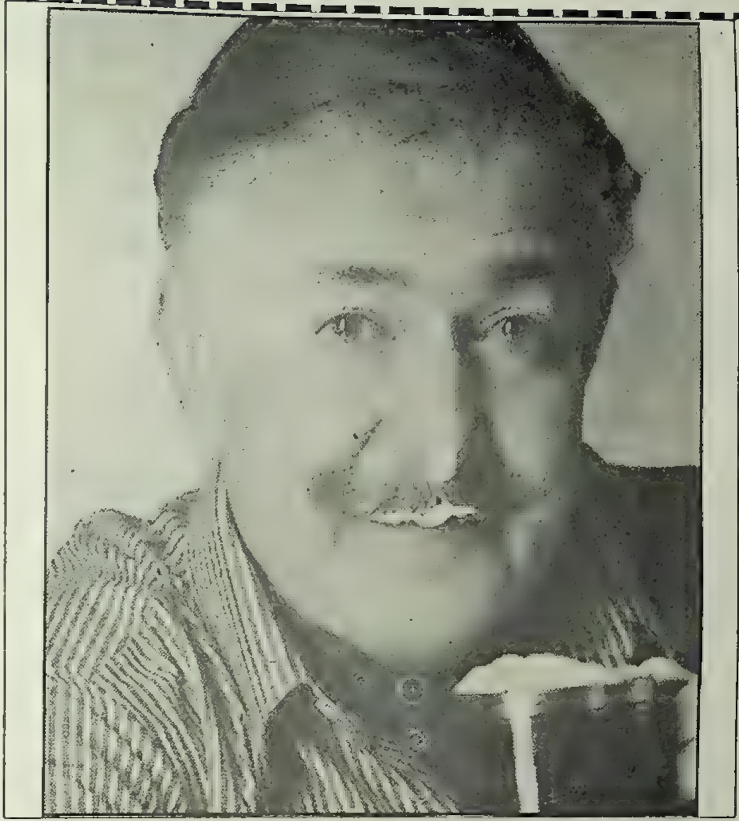

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Mr. Raina, Krishan Lal Mrs. Shanti Raina (Peshin)	907/16	Bana Mohalla

Mr. Wali. C.I.,	190/8	Jawahar Nagar
Mr. Wangoo, Vinod Mrs. Neelam Wangoo (Dhar)	811/4 560973	
Mr. Zutshi, Mrs. Sarla Zutshi (Wanchoo) Mr. Bharat Zutshi Miss Bharati Zutshi	H.No: 78/17 571236	Malapora
Mr. Zutshi M.N., Mrs. Zutshi (Shangloo)	800/11 576840	Gadood Bagh

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Mr. Bakshi, R.L. Mrs. Lalita Bakshi (Kaul)	HMT Colony	Baba Pora
Mr. Dhar, C.N. 0-1, Mrs. Promilla Dhar (Sopori)	HMT Colony 64118	Allkadal
Mr. Dhar, M.K. Mrs. Krishna Dhar (Tikoo)	AD-70 HMT Colony	Nai Sarak
Mr. Dhar, N.J. Mrs. Billoo Dhar (Raina)	116-AD, HMT Colony 64321	
Mr. Gadroo, T.K. Mrs. Rajni Gadroo (Raina)	C-19, HMT Colony 64290	Bemina
Mr. Ganjoo, S.K. Saini Mrs. Suneeta Ganjoo (Kalla)		Mohalla Alikadal
Mr. Handoo, Dilbar Bharat Mrs. Meena Bharat (Bhat)	No. 131, Vishvakarma Colony 22104, 22141 PP	Chanda Pura

Mr. Handoo, Rajinder Mrs. Chandra Handoo (Kalla)	Vishvakarma Colony	Ganpatyar
Mr. Handoo, Dalip Mrs. Daisy Handoo	Chowna Chowk	Zaindar Mohalla
Mr. Kalloo, V.K. Mrs. Veena Kalloo (Handoo)	B-69, HMT Colony 64002	Naisarak
Mr. Kaul, Rajiv Mrs. Sunita Kaul (Ganjoo)	B-66, HMT Colony 64224	NaiSarak
Mr. Kaul, K.L.	Brahm Rishi Ashram, Virat Nagar	
Mr. Kaul, P.N. Mrs. Kiran Kaul (Razdan)	149-A, HMT Colony	Chattabal
Mrs Zutshi, Nancy (Khossa)	AD-80,HMT Colony 64188	Drabiyar
Mr. Moza, Ashok Mrs. Rita Moza (Warikoo)	193, Bitna Colony	Badiyar
Mr. Munshi, Bansi Lal Mrs. Teja Munshi	106, Vishkarma Colony	Anantnag
Mr. Pandita, P.K. Mrs. Guddi, Pandrita (Kaul)	G-84, HMT Colony 64578	
Mr. Raina, Rattan Lal Mrs. Ratnaji Raina	AD-110, HMT Colony 64383	Lariyal
Mr. Raina, Raj Nath Mrs. Kadam Raina	183, Vishkarma Colony	Pulwama
Mr. Razdan, B.B. Mrs. Sarla Razdan (Pandita)	AD-44, HMT Colony 64307	Shell Teng
Mt. Sataya, Kishen Lal Mrs. Nimmi Sataya (Kothedar)	111, Bairagl Mohalla 21531 PP	Karfalli Mohalla

Mr. Warikoo, Ravinder Mrs. Bita Warikoo (Kaul)	G-86, HMT Colony 63924	Drablyar
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Mr. Dhar, Sanjay Mrs. Roma Dhar (Kachroo)	A-2, Block 24, Sec. 6 33579	Shivpora
Mr. Fotedar, O.K. Mrs. Usha Kiran Fotedar (Bhat)	B-3, Block 28, Sec. 6 33609	Anantnag
Dr. Kaul, V.M. Dr. Jaswinder Kaur	Pamposh Nursing Home Sec. 1, 33231	Sheetalnath
Mr. Sadhu, Kuldeep Mrs. Bimla Sadhu	Block 10, Sec. 1	Chattabal
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